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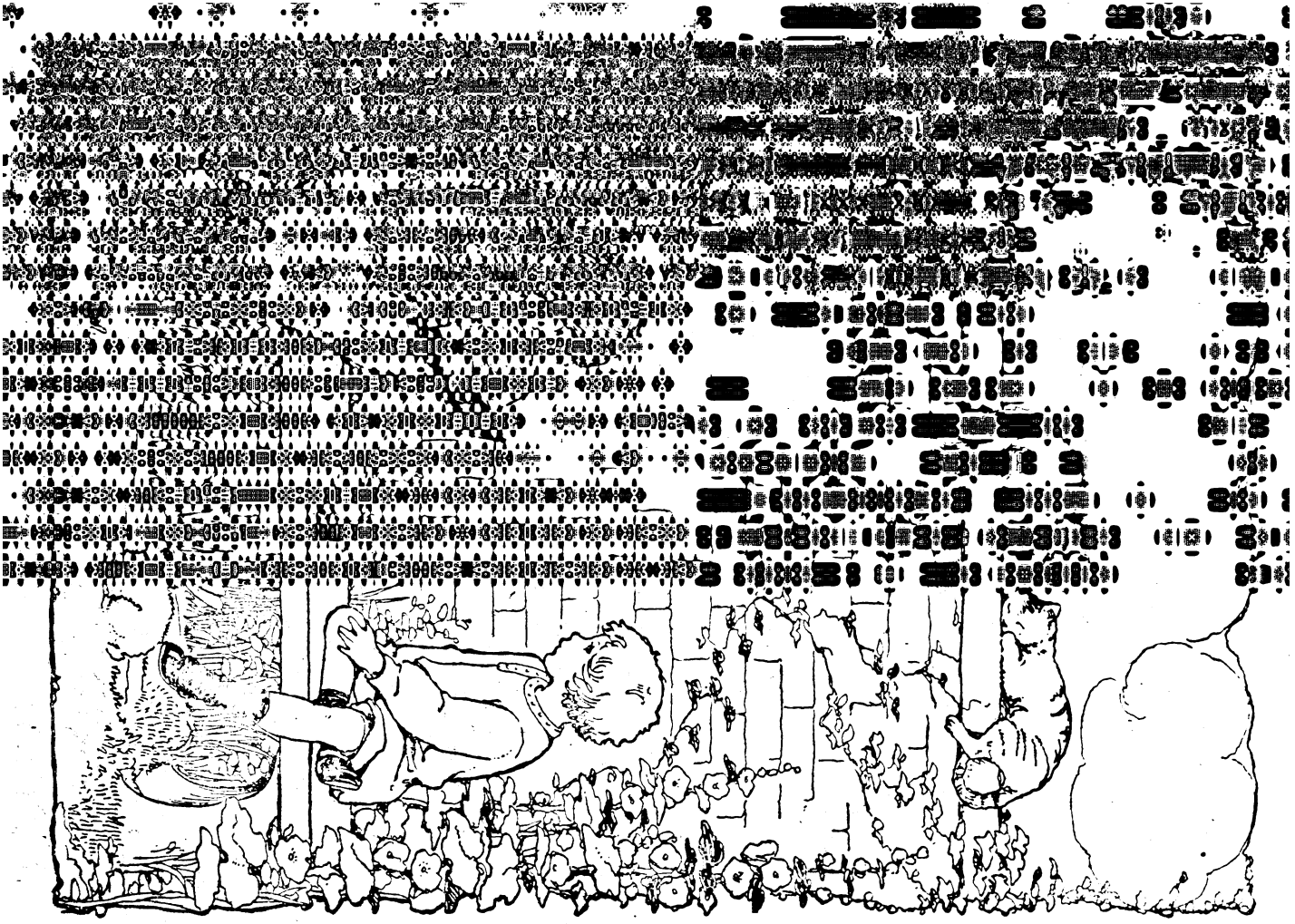
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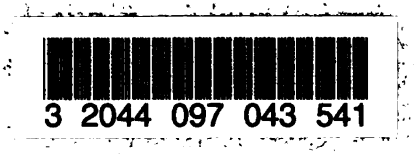
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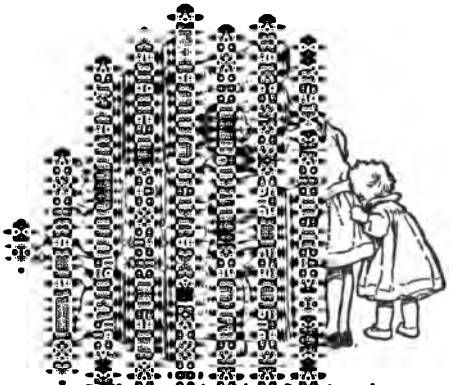

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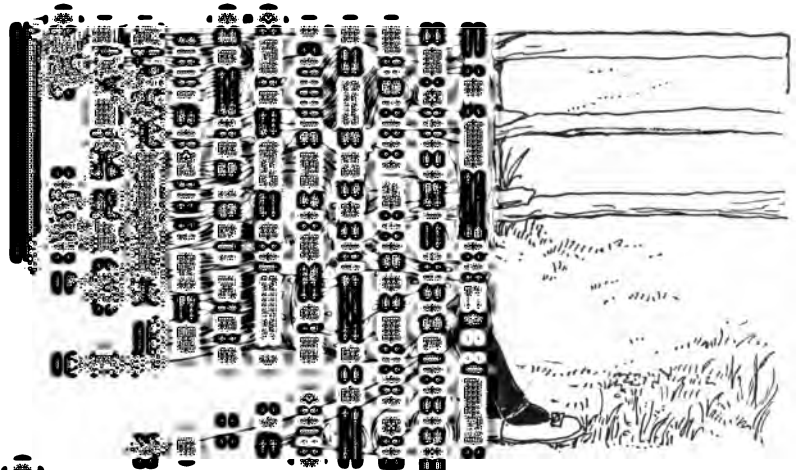
Copyright, 1913
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utumn



## Mary and the Apple

Mary is looking up at the tree.
She sees a bright red apple up there.
It is so high that Mary can not get it.
She calls to it to come down.
Mary thinks that the apple is asleep.
"Good sun, wake the apple," she says.
She asks a bird to wake it.
The bird sings. The sun shines.
They can not wake the apple.
"Wind, wind, wake the apple," she calls.
The wind blows and blows.
See the tree shake! See the apple swing! Down it comes!
Thank you, good wind.



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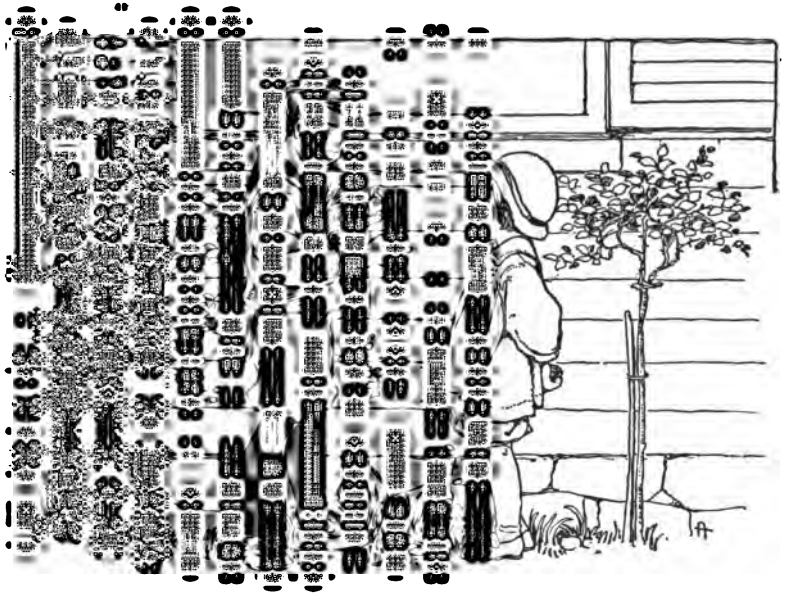
leaves.

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and good to eat.

Mary has cut the apple!
See the little brown seed babies.
Mary will not eat the brown seeds.
She will drop them on the ground.
The wind may blow the seeds away.
Are you tired, little seed?
Yes, I think I will rest here.
I like to be near the old apple tree.
This is a good bed for a little seed.
Come, little leaves, and keep me warm.
Come, soft white snow, and be my blanket.
I will sleep until the warm spring time.
Then the sun will shine, and I shall push my roots down into the ground, and grow up into the sunlight.
I shall be an apple tree too, some day.



Bella my squirrel

Bella my squirrel.

Bella sat on my arm.

Bella ran to the garden.

Bella sat on window ledge.

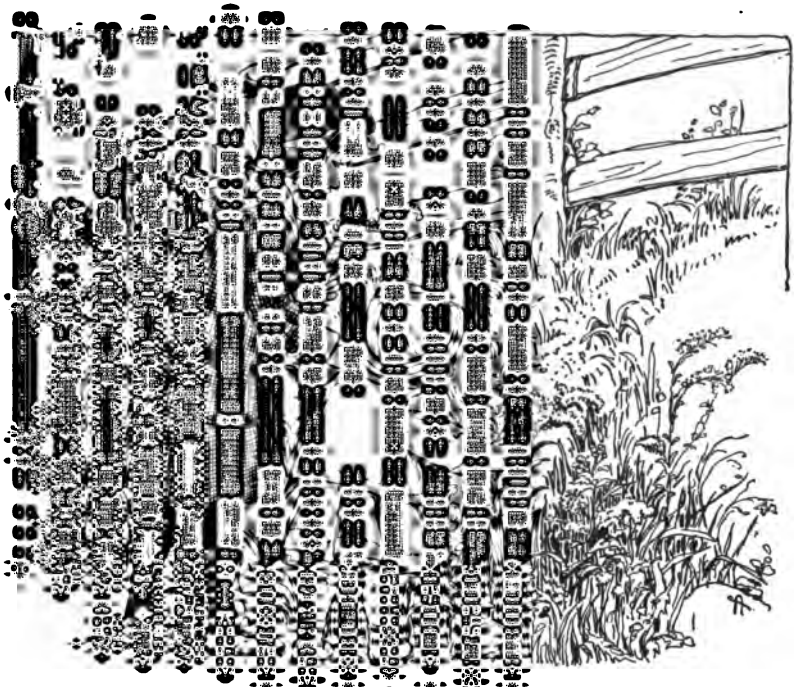
Bella ran from me to come to us.

Bella held up her tail.

Bella put up her back.

I like to see him crack a hard nut.
He holds it in his paws, sits on his hind legs, and cracks it with his sharp teeth.
He puts the nuts into his pockets, too.
Do you know where his pockets are?
Where do you live, little gray squirrel?
Can I find your house in the garden?
I do not think you could find it.
My house is in the old oak tree.
I have a nest in the big tree's trunk.
That is where I put some of my nuts.
Soon the cold days of winter will come. Then I will visit you again.
My baby squirrels must stay in the soft, warm nest.
My baby squirrels have a bed of leaves.

Come here, Carlo, you must not bark.
The gray squirrel is afraid of you.
Poor little squirrel, do not be afraid.
Carlo will not hurt you.
He may bark, but he can not catch you. He can not find your nest.
The squirrel looks at me.
He wishes to see if Carlo has gone.
See, he runs up my arm, and eats the nut from my hand.
There are more nuts in my pocket, little squirrel.
Can the squirrel find my pocket?
Yes, there he goes into my pocket!
Take all the nuts you can find to your home in the big oak tree, little gray squirrel.



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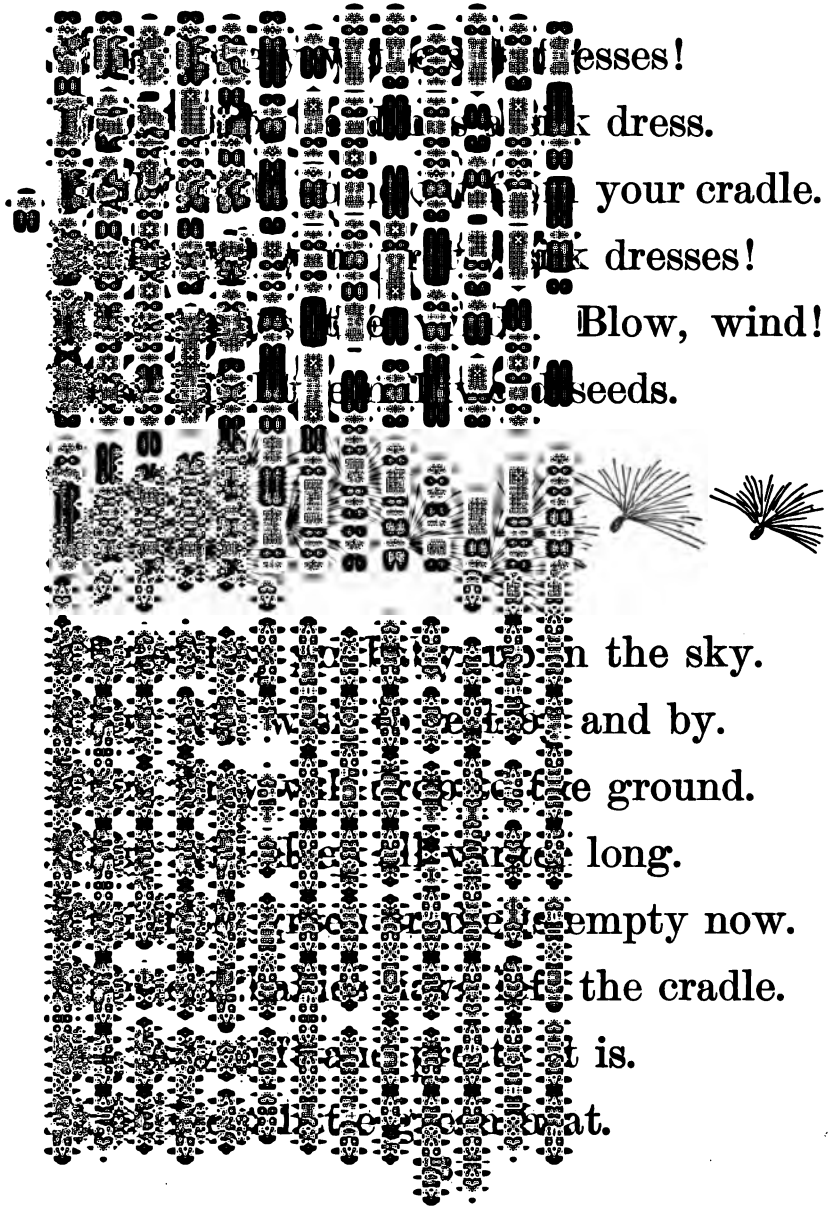
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You make the dusty roadside bright.
Baby will carry you home to mother.
See, baby, see these lovely blue flowers.
They are asters. Some asters are blue,
and some are white.
Look, baby, see this pretty brook.
The goldenrod and asters are here too.
They are growing by the brookside.
In the brook we can see more asters.
The "asters by the brookside make
asters in the brook."
Here is the mother milkweed bush.
See these funny, dusty, green pods.
I wonder what is inside these pods.
Now, baby, let us open a milkweed pod.
Oh, see all the little seed babies!
The pod is a pretty cradle for them.



## September

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brookside
Make asters in the brook.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

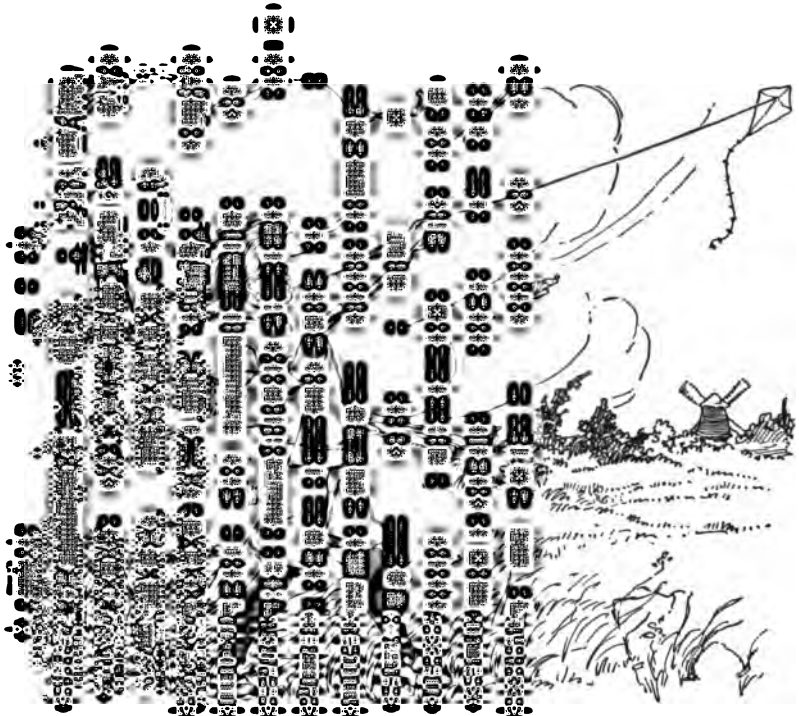
H. H.

*Copyright, 1873, by Little, Brown & Company*

## What Happens in the Autumn

Jack Frost opens the chestnut burrs.
The squirrel gathers his acorns.
The flowers go to sleep for a long nap.
The leaves turn red, brown, and yellow.
The farmer picks his apples.
The bear rolls himself up in a ball.
The worms sleep in the hard ground.
Dogs and horses put on warm coats.
Boys and girls put on warm coats too.
Father buys his coal for winter.
Now the men are roasting chestnuts.
The fruit stands are full of fruit.
The purple grapes are on the vine.
Boxes of grapes are in the stores.

People have put away their straw hats.
There are no watering carts to be seen.
People are washing their windows.
They are taking out the window screens.
Soon father will put on our storm door.
The wind is very busy in the autumn.
He whirls the leaves high into the air.
The farmer is raking his leaves.
The wind will help make a big bonfire of the leaves.
The wind tells the birds to fly south.
He sends the little seeds to bed.
He dries the mud in the streets.
He dries the clothes on the line.
He turns the windmills round.
The wind dashes the waves up on the rocks.



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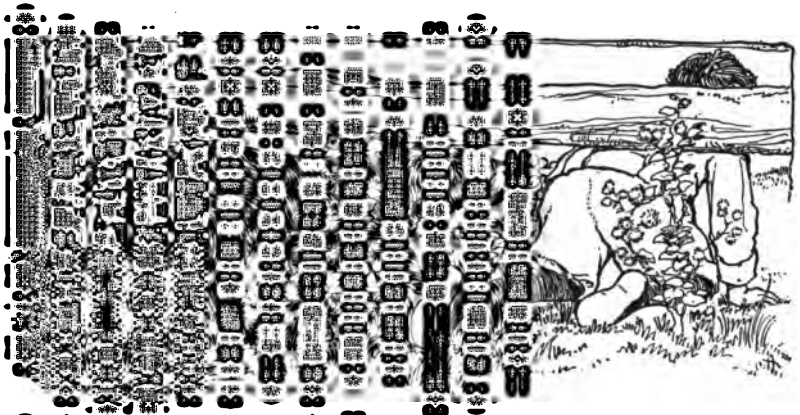
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## The Burr Children

There were once three burr children.
They lived on an old burdock bush.
The bush grew in the meadow.
The burdock children were not happy.
They wished to see more of the world.
One little burr said, "Let us fly away."
That was silly, for burrs can not fly.
The mother bush said, "Wait and see."
So the burrs waited on the old bush.
One day Joe and Rover were running along the road.
Joe had been to the store.
When they came to the meadow, Joe whistled to Rover.



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When he got home he barked at Joe.
Joe said, "Poor dog, come here."
Then Joe pulled the burrs from Rover.
The little burrs were tired.
They were glad to rest on the ground.
There they will sleep all winter.
They will sleep until the spring.
Then some of the little burrs will grow to be burdock bushes.
They will have little burr children.
Perhaps they will tell them stories of their travels.
They may say, "Long ago we left our home in the old meadow.
"We wanted to see the great world. We came to this beautiful sunny place, and made a new home."

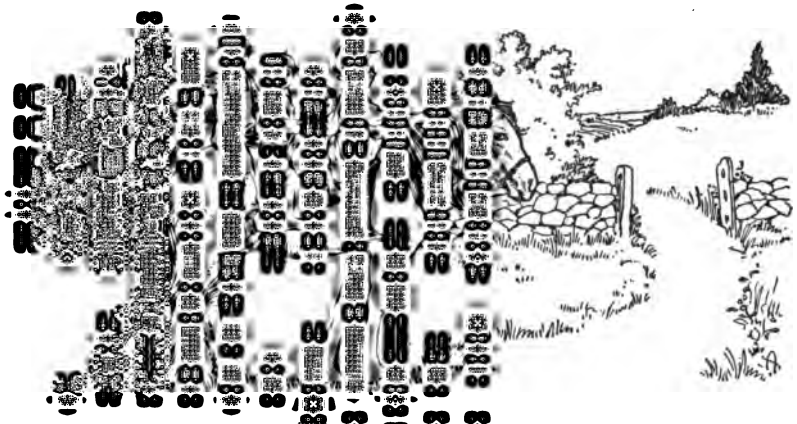
## Thank You, Pretty Cow

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day and every night,
Warm, and fresh, and sweet, and white.

Do not chew the hemlock rank,
Growing on the weedy bank;
But the yellow cowslip eat,
That will make it very sweet.

Where the purple violet grows,
Where the bubbling water flows,
Where the grass is fresh and fine,
Pretty cow, go there and dine.

JANE TAYLOR



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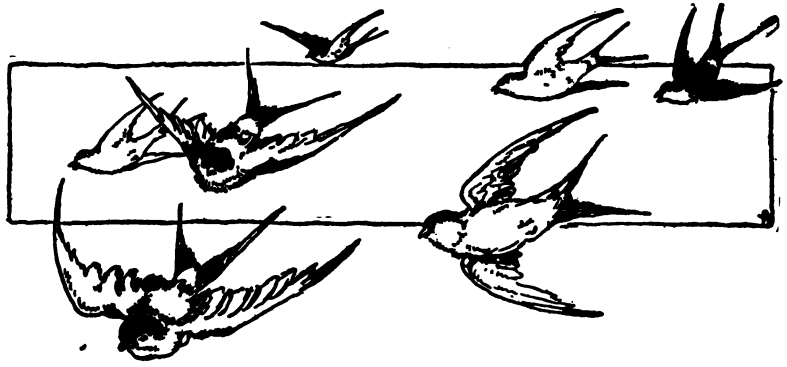
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[illegible] m home again.

You should see Jack milk the cows.
He sits on a little stool.
The milk splashes into the tin pail.
How sweet, and warm, and white it is!
Have you been eating clover, old cow?
What do I see near the big maple tree?
That is Jack's turkey.
When the turkey sees Jack, he says,
"Gobble, gobble."
See the turkey run for the corn!
You can not have all the corn, turkey.
Some of the corn is for Jack's hens.
Jack has six white hens and four black.
They lay fresh eggs for him every day.
Jack gives the eggs to his mother.
Now let us go into the big barn, and
see the hay for the horses and cows.

Have you an apple orchard, Mr. Brown?
Yes, my orchard is behind the big barn.
There are not many apples there now.
We packed them away in barrels.
We put the barrels into the big wagon.
Old Ted trotted down the road.
At last we came to the railroad.
We sent the apples to market.
Where are your pigs, Mr. Brown?
What! Haven't you seen my baby pigs and the old mother pig?
They are in the pen behind the barn.
Jack will show you the ten baby pigs.
You will laugh at their curly tails.
The mother pig is proud of her babies.
She wishes you to scratch her back.

Clara T. Atwood

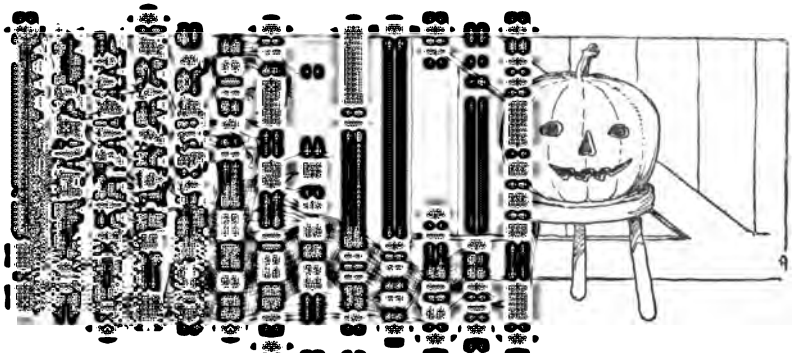


## The Birds in Autumn

The birds are flying to the southland.
It is warm in the sunny southland.
By and by, it will be cold here.
What a long journey, little birds!
Do you not get very tired on the way?
Yes, we have a long journey, little boy.
We travel many, many miles.
Sometimes we stop to rest.
We have a leader to show us the way.
We follow him so we do not get lost.

Oh, robin, are you going away too?
Are you going to the southland?
Please stay here. I will feed you.
I can not stay with you, little boy.
Once a robin did not go to the south-
land, but when the north wind
began to blow he had no home.
His nest had blown away.
He flew to the barn up under the
eaves where he tried to keep warm.
The north wind blew and blew.
Robin hid his head under his wing.
Pigeons, do you go to the southland?
No, Ned, we are big and strong.
See us walk. We are too big to hop.
If we stay all winter, will you feed us?
We cannot sing. We say "Coo-coo."

The Indians tell a story about the birds.
Once there were no trees.
Wherever God touched the earth, a tree sprang up.
In autumn, the leaves turned red, yellow, and brown.
Then they sank down to the earth.
But God did not wish them to die.
So he touched each bright leaf and said, "Live and be beautiful always."
Then each leaf became a bird.
The brown oak leaves became sparrows.
The elm leaves became yellow birds.
The red maple leaves became robins.
This is why the birds love the trees.
It is why they build upon the branches.



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What is that on the milk stool?
See the great eyes, nose, and mouth!
What great teeth! Will it bite us?
Oh, no, don't you know what it is?
It is a Jack-o'-lantern. Jack and his father made it from the pumpkin.
They cut a hole in the top of the pumpkin and took out all the seeds.
They dug out the inside, cut two holes for eyes, and one hole for the nose of the Jack-o'-lantern.
Then Jack made the mouth and Mr. Brown made the big teeth.
Inside, there is a burning candle.
Jack will make the Jack-o'-lantern peep into the window.
Mother will see the funny face.

## What the Brownies Did One Thanksgiving

Did you ever see a brownie?
They wear brown suits and red caps.
The brownies live out of doors.
They sleep in a hole in the tree.
When it rains they sit under toadstools.
Did you ever hear the leaves rustle?
The brownies may be playing hide-and-seek.
Once there was a selfish old farmer.
He had all the food he could eat.
He had good clothes and a good bed.
He would not share his good things.
Not far away lived a poor old woman.
She had to work hard to get food.

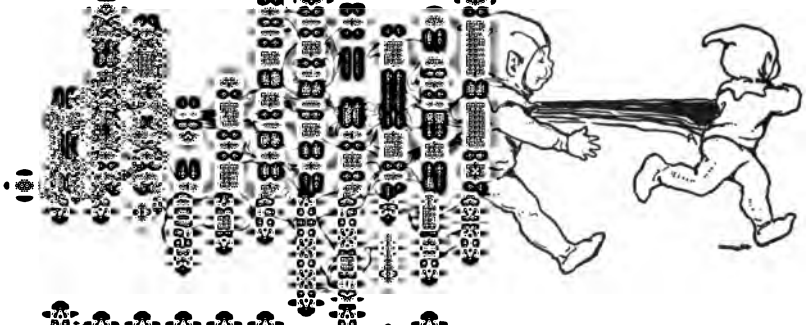
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eat?" he said.

"How can I help that?"

"Carry a turkey down there to-morrow."

"Carry some other good things from your barn," said a little voice.

Farmer Wood could see no one.

"I'll think about it," said the farmer.

The next day he was up early.

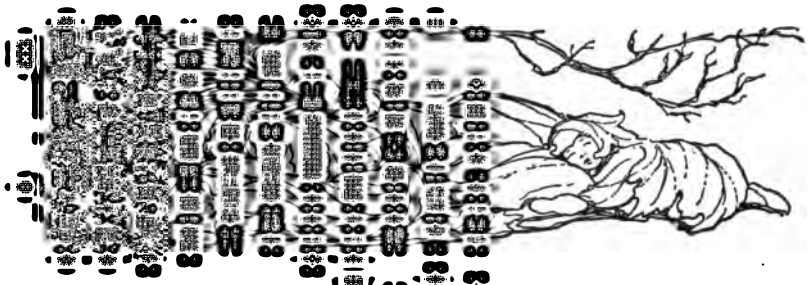
He filled a basket with apples.

He found a big pumpkin and some nuts. He put these into a wagon.

"Don't forget the turkey," said a small voice from the hay.

In went a big, fat tŭrkey. Then Farmer Wood drove out of the barn, and down the hill.

The brownies climbed into the wagon and danced on the turkey's back.



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The frogs hear the sleepy call, down deep in their bed of mud.
The fish too are resting.
The rabbit makes a hole in the ground.
He does not often come out.
In the woods there is a cave where the big brown bear is curled up asleep.
He will sleep until the spring.
He will be very hungry then.
The baby pigs are in a pen under the barn, asleep beside their mother.
My little yellow bird sleeps in his cage.
He sits on his perch and tucks his head under his wing.
When is sleepy time for children?
At night when mother sings them to dreamland.

## Sweet and Low

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
    Wind of the western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
    Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
    Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
    Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
    Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
    Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

ALFRED TENNYSON

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## The Little Snowflakes

How do you do, little children?
I am Snowflake. These are my friends.
We have come a long way to visit you.
We left our cloud home last night.
In the clouds we were raindrops.
All night we were falling, falling.
It was a long journey to the earth.
On the way we met Jack Frost.
He kissed us as we went by.
He gave us our pretty white dresses.
We were no longer raindrops.
We came to keep the seeds warm.
We will make coasting for you.
We fell softly. No one heard us.

The children saw us in the morning.
We were coming from the sky.
They clapped their hands.
"Mother, it is snowing!" they said.
I saw some one looking at us.
The boy looked just like you, Tommy.
We like to peep in at the windows.
Please do not take us into the house.
If you take us into your kitchen, we shall cry.
Did you ever see a snowflake cry?
What do you think we did last night?
You were asleep and did not see us.
Some of us went to the meadow.
Some of us covered the pine trees.
We made the old fence all white.
We made the pump look like a ghost.

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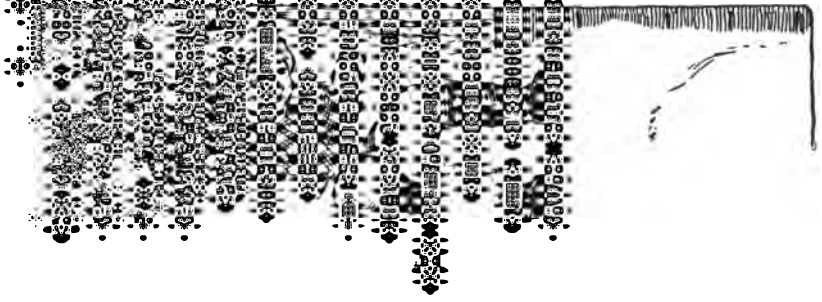
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## Jack Frost

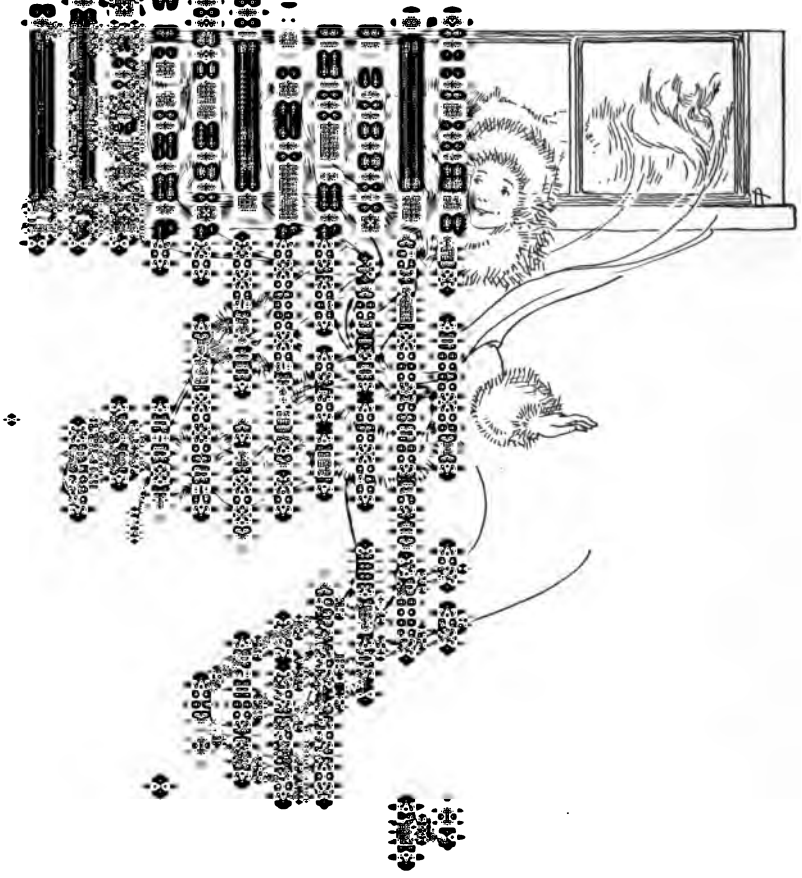
Does Jack Frost live in your town?
No, but he comes to visit us in winter.
He comes in the night time.
Have you ever seen Jack Frost?
No, but I know when he comes.
I see his steps upon the grass.
When the sun wakes, he is afraid.
He runs away as fast as he can go.
Jack Frost likes to play tricks.
He bites little boys on the toes, and
little girls on the nose.
He pinches children's cheeks.
Jack Frost can not play all the time.
He has work to do just as you have.

Jack Frost is a carpenter.
He builds a roof for the brook, and for the ponds and rivers too.
He makes the snowflakes.
He paints frost pictures for us on the window pane.
When we sleep, Jack Frost paints.
He paints wonderful flowers and trees.
Sometimes he paints tall mountains, and church towers, and houses, and fences covered with snow.
How can you paint so well, Jack Frost?
How can you see to paint at night?
Do you paint by the light of the moon?
We are glad you put the pond to sleep.
Now Ned and I can go skating.
The men can cut ice from the river.

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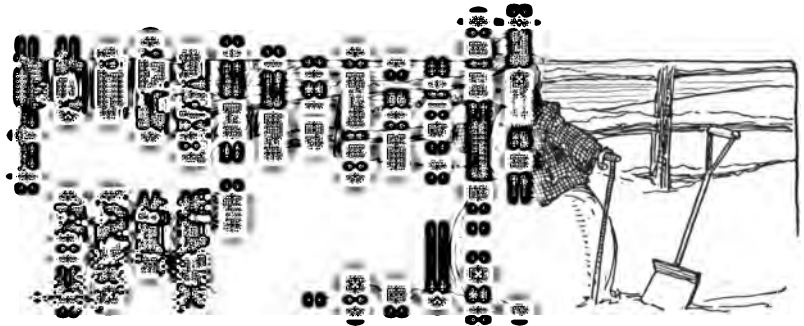
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## The Snowman

See what the boys made last night.
They rolled a snowball on the ground.
It gathered snow until it was large.
Then they made a smaller snowball.
They put this on top of the first ball.
A still smaller one made the head.
Two sticks made the snowman's arms.
He has Tom's little old coat on.
The snowman stands out on the lawn.
People laugh at him when they go by.
He has grandpa's cane in his hand.
That old hat is grandpa's too.
The snowman is taller than the boys.
How did the boys make his eyes?

I know, they used two pieces of coal.
His eyes look as if he were surprised.
Jack Frost tried to freeze him.
The snowman was not at all afraid.
He stood very still, and did not speak.
North wind has blown your hat, snow-
man. Put your hat on straight.
Let us throw snowballs at his hat.
Do you think you can hit it?
See if you can hit his hat, girls.
I do not think I can, but I will try.
Hurrah! Nellie has knocked it off!
Here comes Carlo. What will he do?
Carlo looks at the snowman.
He says, "Are you grandpa?"
"No, I do not think you are.
"You do not belong in this yard."



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## Winter Song

Hurrah for the jolly old Winter!
The king of the seasons is he;
Though his breath is cold and icy,
His heart is full of glee.
He piles up the beautiful snowflakes
On the apple trees bare and brown,
And laughs when the north wind shakes them,
Like a shower of blossoms down.

Hurrah for the jolly old Winter!
He shouts at the door by night:
"Come out where the ice is gleaming
Like steel in the cool moonlight."
Like swallows over the water
The skaters merrily go:
There's health in the blustering breezes,
And joy in the beautiful snow.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER



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Dick likes to skate.
His father gave him these fine skates.
He had a hard time at first.
He tried to stand, but he kept falling.
The other boys helped him.
They showed him how to skate.
He can skate all over the pond now.
Dick says that skating is like flying.
Look out for the holes, Dick!
Don't fall through the ice.
Mother made a bag for the skates.
Dick takes good care of his skates.
He keeps them dry so that they will not rust.
Dick plays a game with the boys.
He has a long stick in his hand.
Do you know how he plays the game?

Dick and I go sleighing.
We put on warm coats and mittens.
Three of us can sit on the back seat.
Father puts a big fur robe over us.
He tucks us all up snug and warm.
Mother sits on the seat with father.
Do you know where we are going?
We are going over the river.
The river is asleep now.
We go through the wood. The trees
are covered with snow.
The wind blows. Trot fast, old horse!
Jack Frost paints our cheeks.
We hide under the big fur robe.
Hear the sleigh bells jingle!
Now we are out of the wood.
Hurrah! I see grandmother's house.

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"This is their playtime. When winter comes we travel many miles.

"I shall soon start on my journey."

"What is in that big book, Santa?"

"In this book are the names of good boys and girls.

"I have presents for them all."

I opened the book and read, "John, Fred, William, Harold, and Richard."

I read, "Nellie, Annie, Mary, Kate, Florence, Elizabeth, and Jennie."

There were many pages in the book.

"What are you doing now, Mrs. Claus?" I said.

"I am sewing up Santa's pack."

"Good!" said Santa. "I almost lost a book through that hole last year."

"Your pack must be heavy, Santa Claus. Do you carry all the toys in your pack?"

"Oh, no, I fill my sleigh too.

"I couldn't get down the chimney if my pack were full.

"I should stick on the way down. Then the children might catch me.

"When the stockings are filled, I go up the chimney.

"That is not so easy as going down.

"My reindeer are on the roof waiting.

"I jump into my sleigh and away we go, down one roof and up another.

"When Christmas is over, I go home.

"Mrs. Santa Claus is waiting for me.

"We sit by the fire and eat supper."



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I watched my stocking a long time.
I watched to see Santa Claus.
I must have gone to sleep.
Well, dolly, tell me about Santa Claus.
Did you come in his sleigh last night?
What is your name, dolly dear?
You have no name? That is too bad!
Your name is Ruth, dolly dear.
What pretty curly hair you have!
Your eyes are as blue as the sky.
You must be very tired, Ruth.
Was it a long journey from the cold northland?
Come, I will sing you to sleep.
See, Ruth is asleep now.
I will put her on my bed.
I will put a blanket over her.

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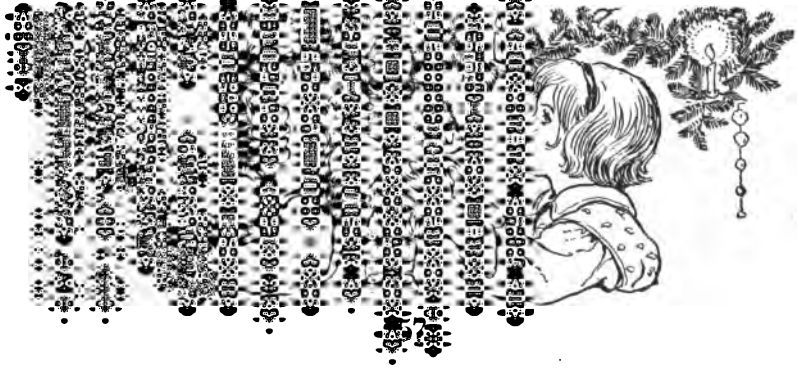
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## Good Night

Little baby, lay your head
On your pretty cradle bed;
Shut your eye-peeps, now the day
And the light are gone away;
All the clothes are tucked in tight;
Little baby dear, good night.

Yes, my darling, well I know
How the bitter wind doth blow;
And the winter's snow and rain
Patter on the windowpane;
But they can not come in here,
To my little baby dear.

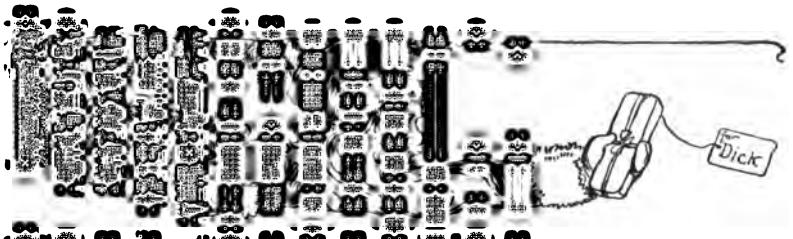
For the window shutteth fast,
Till the stormy night is past;
And the curtains warm are spread
Roundabout her cradle bed;
So till morning shineth bright,
Little baby dear, good night.

JANE TAYLOR

## Tom's Christmas Party

Tom Clark gave a Christmas party.
He invited six poor children.
Tom wished to make them happy.
He had a little money of his own.
He bought a present for each child.
Father gave him a Christmas tree.
Tom, mother, and father trimmed it.
They put strings of pop corn and red berries on it.
When it was trimmed, Tom was happy.
He said, "What will the children say?"
At six o'clock the door bell rang. Tom ran to the door. "Come in," he said.
"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas!" said the children.
They took off their hats and coats.
Tom's mother shook hands with them.
"Merry Christmas!" she said. "Tom will take you to the parlor."
The children clapped their hands and shouted when they saw the tree.
It was covered with tiny candles.
The candles were like twinkling stars.
Just then the doorbell rang again.
Tom said, "I think that is Aunt Mary."
He went to the door and opened it.
It was some one in a big fur coat!
He had a beard as white as the snow!
His coat was covered with ashes!
He went right into the parlor.
He shook hands with all the children.




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## A Visit to Eskimo Land

Let us go to the cold northland.
We shall find no trees there.
There is snow as far as we can see.
The sun does not shine for weeks.
Is it always dark in this country?
The stars help to make it bright, and
there are wonderful lights in the sky.
The Eskimos live in this far-away land.
They build houses of ice and snow.
Shall we go into an Eskimo house?
We crawl in on our hands and knees.
Around the room is a platform of ice.
It is covered with deerskins.
It is the Eskimo's bed, chair, and table.

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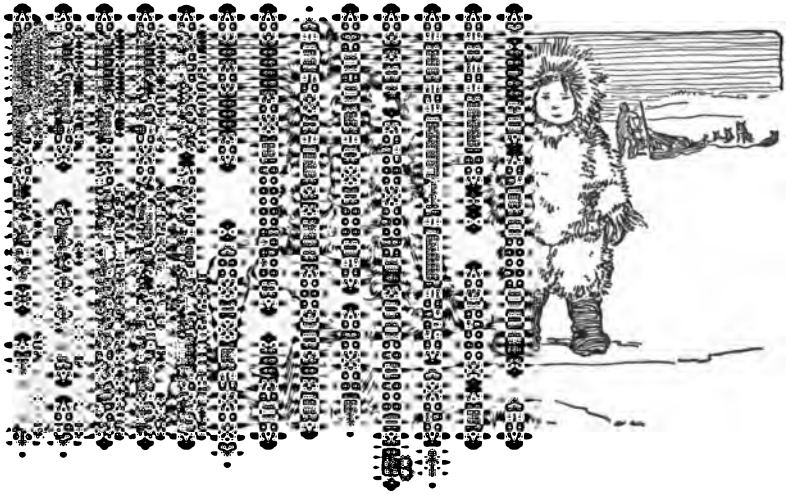
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The Eskimo boy does not go to school.
He must learn to drive the dogs.
He begins to learn when he is little.
The dogs are little, too.
He hitches the dogs to his sledge.
At first he drives only one or two.
He runs by the side of his sledge.
He drives about near his home.
When he is a man he drives many dogs.
He cracks his whip, and away he goes,
for miles over the frozen snow!
Eskimo boys and girls love to coast.
Their ice sleds go down hill very fast.
The boys like to stick reindeer horns
into the snow, coast down the hill,
and try to hit the horns with their
arrows.

## St. Valentine's Day

Long ago, there lived a good man whose name was Valentine.

He loved his people dearly.

If any were sick, he took care of them.

If any were poor, he gave them clothes.

If any were hungry, he gave them food.

All the people knew and loved him.

The children would run to meet him.

After many years the good man became too old to go to visit his people.

So he sent them messages of love, called "valentines."

After he died, the good old man was called "Saint Valentine."

ROBINSON CRUSOE

Saint Valentine's birthday is the fourteenth of February.

We send valentines on that day.

A valentine carries love to some one.

In February, we are thinking of spring, with its flowers and birds.

Flowers, and birds, and butterflies are on the valentines.

Harry made his mother a valentine.

He tried hard to make it beautiful.

He cut a nest from brown paper.

Then he cut five eggs from blue paper.

He put the eggs into the nest.

Over the nest Harry wrote "A nest full of love."

Under each egg he wrote a message.

He put the valentine on the doorstep.

He rang the bell, and ran away and hid.
Mother came to the door. She said,
"Why, here is a valentine for Harry."
Then she saw her own name on it.
Harry was peeping in at the window.
He saw his mother smile.
Then he saw her peep under the eggs.
Harry had written under the eggs.
The first message was, "I love you."
The second was, "You are sweet."
The third was, "I send you a kiss."
The fourth was, "My good wishes."
The fifth message was, "Will you be
my valentine?"
Mother knew who sent the valentine.



## Waiting

In the woods I walked to-day;
The snow was deep and white,
It covered all the tiny flowers,
It hid the ferns from sight.

I hunted for the little brook
That sang in summer days,
But not an echo of its song
Rang through the woodland ways.

At last I found the fettered stream
And broke the ice so clear,
And heard the tinkling water say,
"I'm hidden, but I'm here."

On the hill I walked to-day;
The sky was dim and gray,
I hunted for the apple tree
That bloomed so fair last May.

There were no blossoms on its boughs,
No bees around it went,
And through the chilly winter air
No fragrant breath was sent.

But listening by the gray old trunk
I heard a whisper clear,
"The leaves and buds and blossoms bright
Are hidden, but they're here."

So on the hill and in the wood,
Though hidden now in snow,
I know the flowers will bloom again,
The little brooks will flow.

*By permission, Educational Publishing Company.*

## Maple Sugar

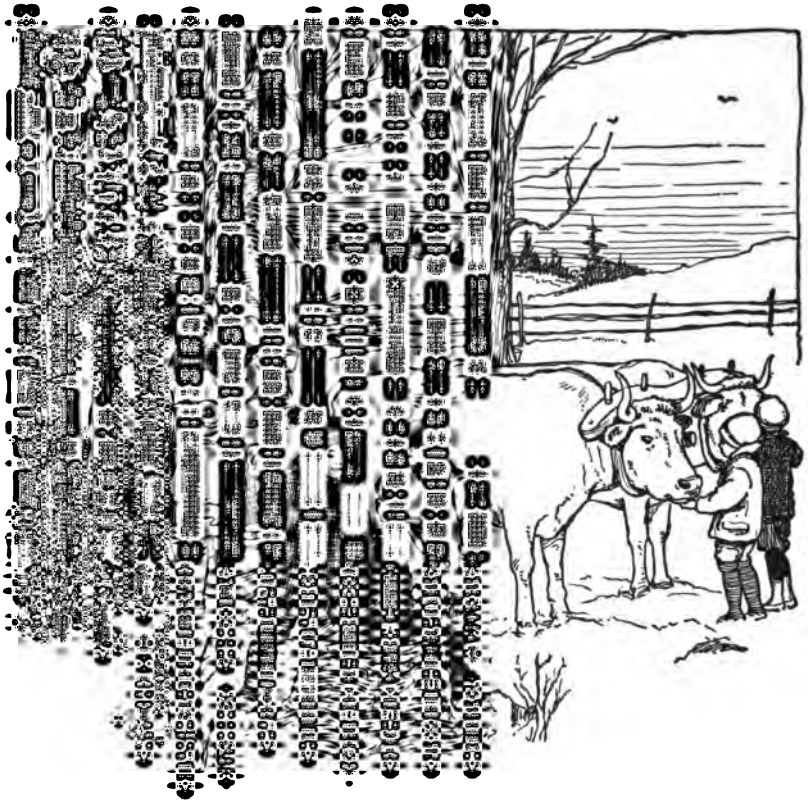
The maple trees have been sleeping all winter. Most of the sap has been down in the roots. In the early spring, the sap travels upward, and the tree awakes.

The maple tree does not need all its sap. It will give some of it to us.

We boys once visited a maple sugar camp. There were ten of us. We went to the camp in the early spring before the snow was off the ground.

The maple woods we visited were two miles away. Mr. Reed was the owner of the sugar camp.

We went to the camp in an old cart.



In the woods, we saw
in the tree trunks.
holes in the tree
nuts into them.
were hanging.

As we got near the trees, we could hear the drip, drip, drip of the sap falling into the pails. The men told us that it took a whole day to get a pail full.

When the pails were full, the men emptied the sap into a barrel, and carried it to the sugar house.

There it was poured into a large pan, set over a fire to boil.

Mr. Reed told the boys to stir the sap so that it would not burn. When it began to thicken, the syrup was poured into another pan and boiled till it became hard to stir.

"Now is the time to fill your spoons with hot syrup," said Mr. Reed.

The boys carried their spoonfuls out of the log house and dropped the syrup on the snow. It grew hard and cold. It tasted like candy.

Mr. Reed showed us how to make pictures in the snow with the hot syrup. By dropping it carefully, we made birds, fishes, horses, flowers, trees, and men.

Mr. Reed gave us some little tin pans. There were round pans, and square ones, pans like little baskets, and pans with scalloped edges.

It was fun to fill the pans and to spread them out to cool. It was more fun to carry home the maple sugar I had helped to make!

Spring

## The Little Brook

A little brook lay half asleep. The trees were bare. No birds were singing to him. He felt sad and lonely.

One day he had a dream. He seemed to hear some one calling. He hurried over the pebbles. The warm spring sun smiled at him. In a tree close by, was an old friend. It was a robin singing merrily.

His dream was true! Spring and the robins had come!

The brook called to the willow bush, as he passed by. "Pussy Willow, wake up!" he said.

Pussy Willow began to stir. "It must be time to awake," she said. "The brook is calling. I will tell the children that spring is coming."

"I am glad that spring is here," said a little fish. "It has been very cold all winter. I have lived down deep in the water. Jack Frost made a door of ice to our house! Now our ice door is melted. Sunshine is making the water warm. We can hide, and swim, and play. Don't you wish that you were a fish, little boy?"

"Dear brook, where did you come from?" I said.

"I used to live down in the ground," said the brook. "One day I pushed

earth. Blue

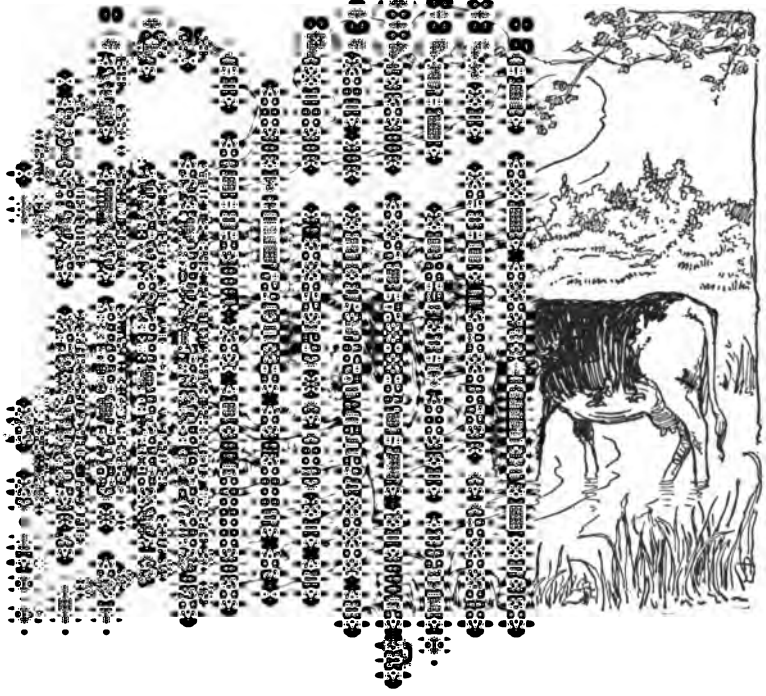
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Butterflies wave their bright wings over me. Little children sail boats upon my surface.

"The birds build their nests in trees close by. 'Little brook, sing to us,' they say as I hurry along. So I sing and dance over the pebbles.

"When I grow stronger, I shall be a river, a mighty, rushing river. I shall carry logs to the mill and turn the mill wheels round and round. Some day I shall reach the sea.

"Now that my door of ice is broken, I must hurry on my way. I know that my friends will be glad to see me. I can not stop to talk, but I sing to them as I pass by."

## Pussy Willow

Pussy Willow has been asleep all winter. The warm spring sun called to her to awake. She came out to see the world.

The birds were swinging on the branches. A few brave flowers were opening their sleepy eyes; and the grass was peeping above the ground.

"Is it time I awoke?" said Pussy Willow. "The wind is very cold. I will keep on my fur hood and my little brown coat."

"Good morning, Pussy Willow," sang the brook.

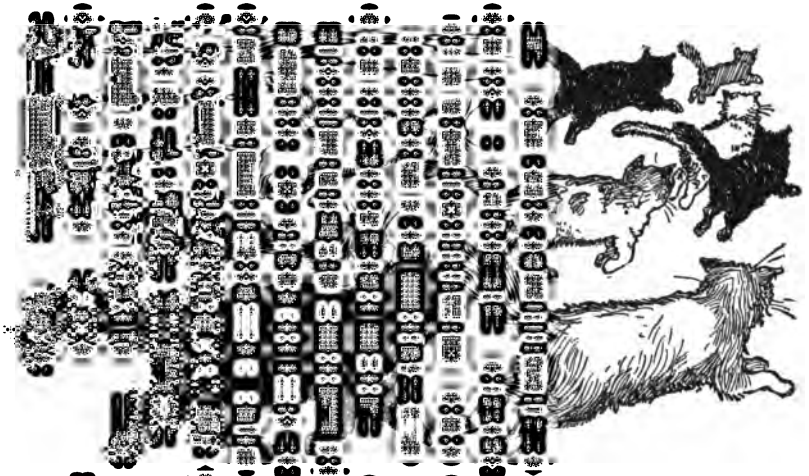
"Good morning, Pussy Willow," sang the birds. "We are glad to see you. Now we know that spring is here."

Have you heard how Pussy Willow came to have her name? I will tell you.

Long ago, in a far-away city, there were a great many cats. The people in this city loved their cats and never let any one harm them.

When the city was very old, a great flood came. It rained many days and the water rose higher and higher in the streets.

Now, cats do not like water, you know. So when the ground grew wet and muddy they tried to find trees into which they might climb.



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It rained and rained. The water rose higher and higher. The wind blew and splashed mud over the kittens.

At last the rain stopped. The kittens were still inside their mud coats.

Then the sun came out and dried their coats until they cracked.

One by one, the kittens awoke and put their heads through the cracks. They saw that the water had gone. They were alive and safe. If you look at the willow bushes down by the river to-day, you will see the pussies upon the branches. They will make you think of the kittens of that old city and the way that they lived safely through the flood.

## The Echoing Green

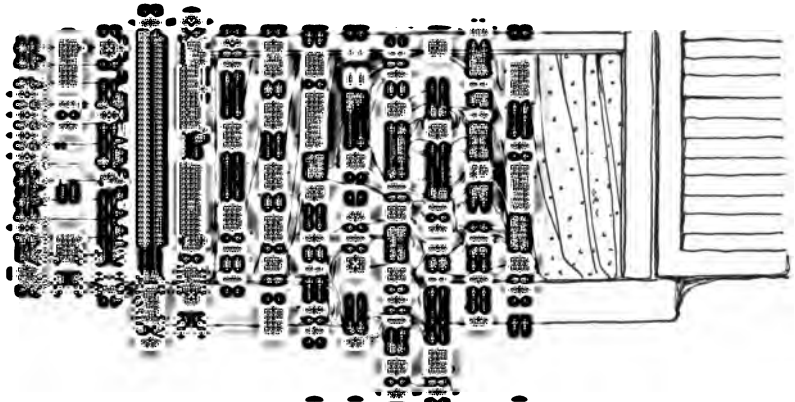
The sun doth arise,
And make happy the skies;
The merry bells ring,
To welcome the spring;
The skylark and thrush,
The birds of the bush,
Sing louder around
To the bell's cheerful sound;
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

Old John with white hair,
Does laugh away care,
Sitting under the oak,
Among the old folk.
They laugh at our play,
And soon they all say,

"Such, such were the joys
When we all—girls and boys—
In our youth time were seen
On the echoing green."

Till the little ones, weary,
No more can be merry;
The sun doth descend,
And our sports have an end.
Round the laps of their mothers
Many sisters and brothers,
Like birds in their nest,
Are ready for rest,
And sport no more seen
On the darkening green.

WILLIAM BLAKE



"Here mother, see w. He is try- Brave little crumbs," said window.

" sang robin. "You are a find a break- und. I have th. It is cold

here, but my feathers will keep me warm.

"Shall I tell you a secret, little Mary? The bluebirds will soon be here. Spring is coming; I know it, I know it, I know it!

"I must look about for our new home. There are many good places in which to build. There is room for all my friends to build new homes too.

"Last year I lived in the apple tree. It was a good place for robins, for not far away there was a cherry tree. Mother robin and I had a great feast on those cherries!

"I think I will look at the apple tree." So away to the orchard flew robin.

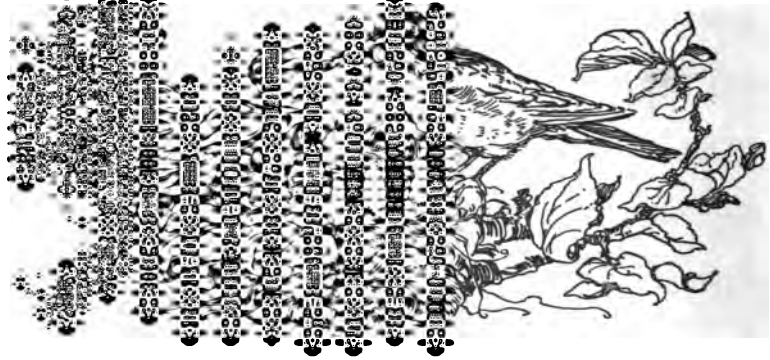
He found the apple tree still there, but there was nothing left of the old nest. If it had been there, I do not think that robin could have lived in it. Do you know why?

Mother robin will come soon. They will build the new house together. They will find straw near the barn, and bits of string in the yard.

Father robin will plaster his house with mud, and line it with horsehair.

How hard they work till the nest is done! Mother robin sits inside and turns round and round. She fits the nest to her body. Father robin sits near by and watches. They are proud of the new home.

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## Tap! Tap! Tap!

Tap, tap, tap! Who is making that noise? Tap, tap, tap! I hear it again. Is it a carpenter with his hammer? Oh, now I see. It is a woodpecker. He is over there on the trunk of the maple tree.

What is that he is saying? "No breakfast here. This bark is hard." Down sat woodpecker to think.

Then away to the pear tree he flew. Part of the tree was decayed.

"I will find my breakfast here," he said. "There must be some bugs under this bark."

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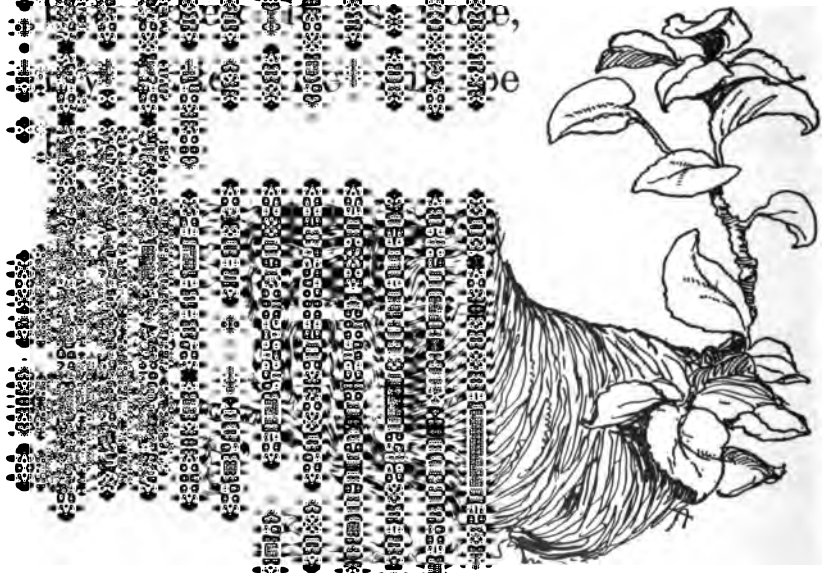
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Your black and white feathers are pretty, woodpecker. I like that red cap on the back of your head. That is the way my little brother Tom wears his cap.

Here is mother woodpecker. She looks like the father bird but she has no pretty red cap. She lays six snow-white eggs in the nest.

The father bird stands near by. He drums to the mother bird, while she keeps her eggs warm. He would like to sing to her but he does not know how.

Do you remember the story of the little old woman in her black dress, her white apron, and red cap?

She was making some cakes, one day, when an old beggar came along.

"Pray give me something to eat," he said.

Now the old woman was very selfish. She broke off a tiny bit of one cake and gave it to the old man. It was not enough. He asked for more.

The little old woman shook her head. "You cannot have any more," she said. "I want the cakes myself."

Then a strange thing happened. Her black dress and white apron were changed to feathers.

Up the chimney she flew, a red-headed woodpecker. Now she must find her food under the bark of trees.

## How Do You Do, Brown Bear?

A little boy once had a dream. In his dream he thought he was walking alone in the woods. He was a brave boy, but he did not like being alone.

He knew that bears sometimes lived in woods and he wondered what he should do if he met one.

He thought at first that he would run. Then he thought that perhaps the bear could run faster.

Then he thought that he would hide. He seemed to see the bear smelling his tracks along the ground until he came to his hiding place.

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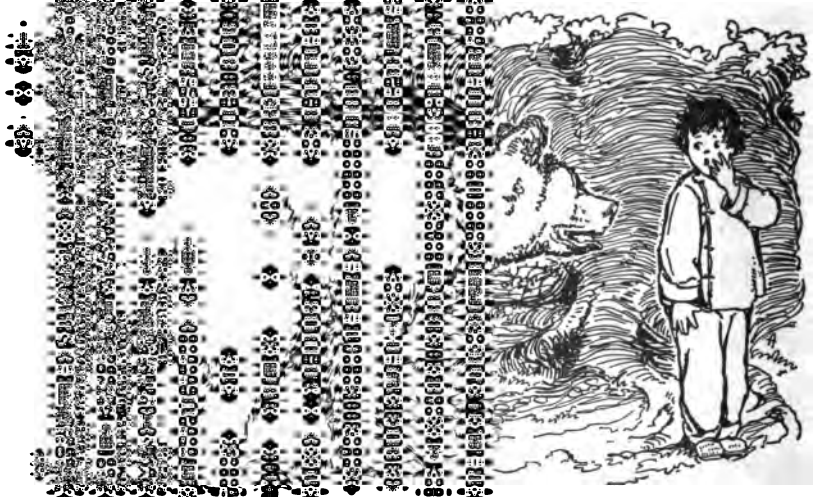
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The little boy did not have time to hide! He did not have time to run! He could not even try to climb a tree! He just stood and looked at the bear, and the bear looked at the boy.

The boy said, "How do you do, brown bear? Where did you come from?"

And the bear said, "How do you do, boy? I have just come from my cave. I have been asleep all winter. I did not like the cold days of winter. Even my thick fur could not keep out the cold wind. I curled myself up into a big ball. I slept all winter long.

"I hid in my cave among the rocks. The snow made a door to my cave.

"I knew that spring had come. I awoke and looked about. I am hungry. I have had nothing to eat all winter."

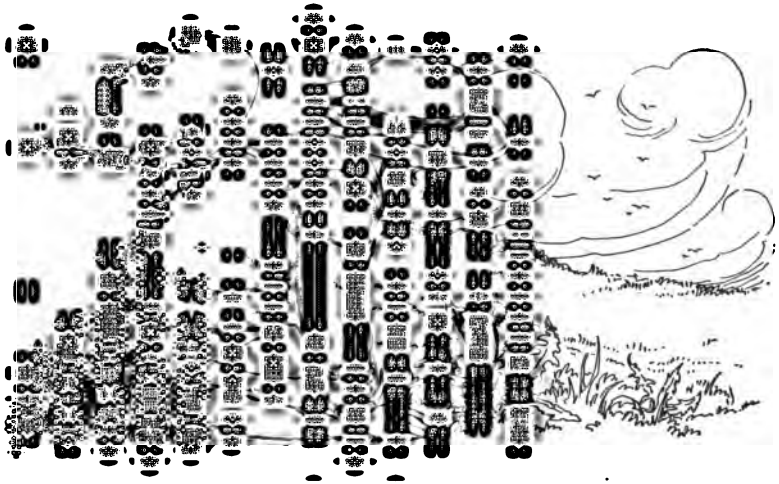
"That's too bad, brown bear," said the boy. "What can you eat here?"

"Oh, I shall find roots and berries. I shall drink from the brook. If you will come with me, I will show you my roots and berries, and you may have a drink from my brook."

The little boy started after the bear, but he never reached the brook.

Do you know why?





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[illegible] smiling face.

By and by I had ever so many brother and sister dandelions near me, in the lawn and in the fields.

We like to grow in the green grass. My leaves are good to eat. What time do you get up, Charlie?

You would have to get up very early to catch a dandelion sleeping. We wake up with the sun. Did you ever see the sun come up in the sky? We have.

We go to sleep and close our eyes in the evening, just when the birds and children are going to bed.

Did you ever try to make curls from our stems? Did you ever try to make dandelion chains?

Our stems have a white sap in them. It tastes bitter, and it will stain your fingers if you get it on them.

Children like to carry us to school. We are afraid to go so far away from our homes. We sometimes shut our eyes on the way.

When we grow old, we have gray hair. A little girl found some dandelions that had gone to seed. They looked like white fluffy balls.

The little girl said, "I will see if mother wants me." So she blew the fluffy ball three times. One, two, three! She blew all the little seeds away. She said, "My mother wants me."

ner wanted her.

Alice, how did

you?"

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## How We Came To Have Buttercups

Some people think that there is a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. There is no pot of gold there now, for long ago somebody found it.

Nobody knows how this man found it, for many people who have tried to find the end of the rainbow say that the rainbow has no end at all.

The man who found the pot of gold was very selfish. He did not want any one to know that he had found it. He wanted to keep all the gold for himself.

One very dark night, he put all his gold into a bag. Do you know what

he was going to do? He was going to hide it in some thick woods not far from his house.

He slung the bag over his shoulder. He walked across the meadow toward the woods.

Now there was something in that bag which the selfish man had not seen. It was a hole. As he walked on, the gold pieces fell out, one by one.

By and by he reached the wood. He took his bag off his shoulder. It felt very light. He looked inside! There was no gold!

He hurried back to the meadow to try to find it. The moon was shining. That helped him to find his way.

But the fairies had been out dancing that night. They were good fairies, and they did not like selfish people.

They said, "If the selfish man finds his gold it will do nobody any good. If he hides it away, that will not help any one."

Then the fairies all said, "Let us change the gold into something that will make every one happy."

The selfish man looked here and there in the grass for his lost gold. He could not find a single piece, but in its place were bright yellow flowers.



## The Busy Farmer

My father is a farmer. When spring comes a farmer is very busy. I can tell you some of the things he has to do, for I sometimes help him.

Last year's leaves are about the yard and garden. These are to be raked. That is something that I can do.

Then we gather the twigs and sticks that have been broken from the trees and bushes by the winter wind.

In the autumn father put straw around the trees and bushes.

In the spring the straw is not needed, so we rake it off.

By this time we have gathered many leaves, broken twigs, branches, and straw. We put them all into a wheelbarrow and wheel it to the meadow behind the barn.

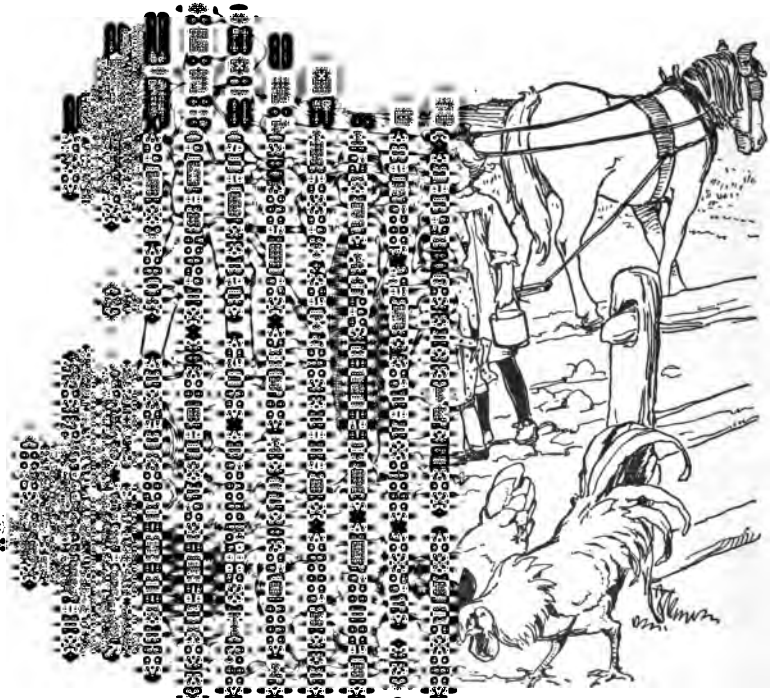
Do you know what we do then? We have a good big bonfire!

In our yard we have some flower beds. These must be spaded up. The ground is so hard that no seed could grow in it. Father turns the earth over and over with his spade. This loosens the earth and makes it soft.

If a farmer has a great field to plant, he loosens the earth with a plow.

In some parts of our country oxen drag the plow, but my father uses a horse.

to plow, you
the hens and
Do you know
for? In the
ey will find nice
breakfast.



When the ground is ready, the farmer plants his seeds. Now the blackbirds and the crows follow him. They will eat the seeds if they can. So father puts up a scarecrow. The birds think that the scarecrow is the farmer, and they do not dare to steal his seed.

Seeds need air, sunshine, and rain. If there is no rain, the farmer must water his seeds with a hose or with a watering pot.

He must keep his garden free from weeds.

I will show you my father's tools. Just now he is using his rake, spade, hoe, plow, pitchfork, and harrow.

## When the Rain Comes

Once there was a little raindrop. He lived up in a big gray cloud. He had many brothers and sisters. They were a very happy family.

One night little raindrop could not go to sleep. "I will run away," he said.

So he started from his cloud home.

But the other raindrops felt him go. "He will get lost," they said. "We must run after our brother." So they came down to earth, too.

The flowers lifted their heads. The ducks paddled in the pond. The brook rushed faster and faster.

The river made the old mill wheel turn round and round.

Some of the raindrops sank into the ground and made the thirsty roots glad.

The old brown horse found a cool drink in the rushing brook.

But the squirrel was not so happy when the raindrops came. He hid behind his bushy tail.

Pussy did not like the raindrops. She ran into the house and dried her wet fur by the kitchen stove.

The little children ran to school.

Their mother shut the windows.

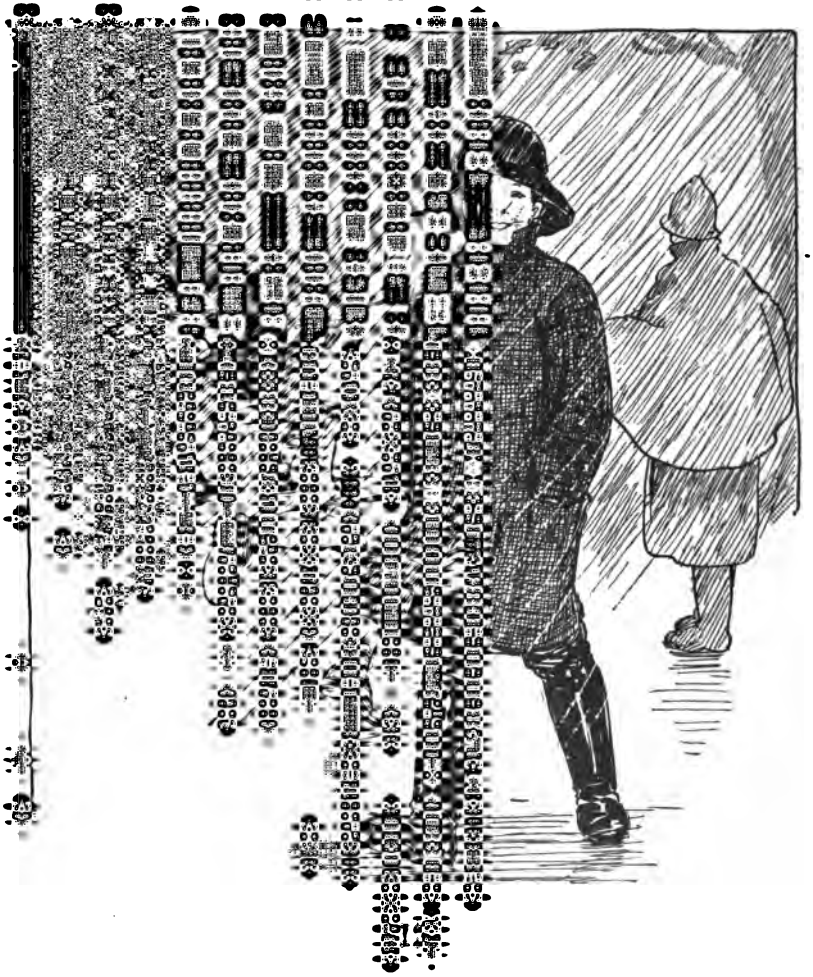
Father opened his big umbrella.

The policeman put on his rubber cape.

looked like our

boots and said,

e puddles."



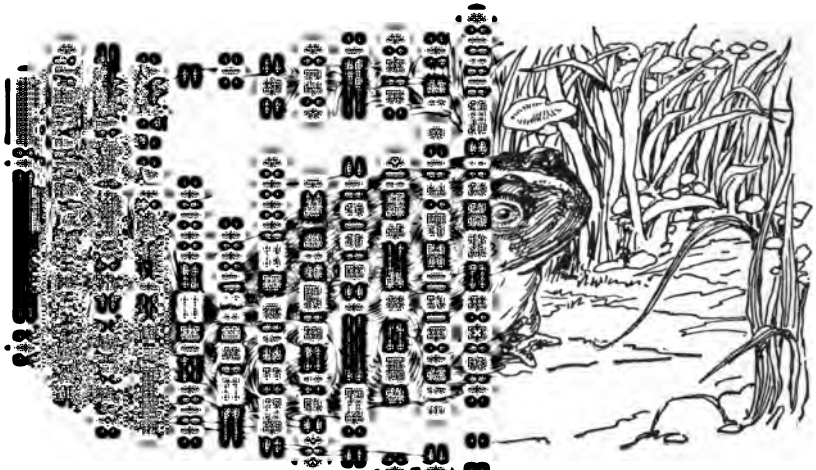
For a long time the raindrops stayed. They thought the earth a beautiful place. They said "Let us stay here always."

Just then Father Sun came out from behind the gray clouds.

"Come, little raindrops, down there on the earth. It is time to come home."

Do you know what those raindrops did? Some hid in the earth! Some jumped into the brook and tried to swim away.

But Father Sun was stronger than they. He called again. They had to come. Into a pretty white boat he put them, and the wind gently sailed them across the sky.



The Toad

lay under the stone. He has
slept under the water. The warm
sun must have awoke him from
his long sleep.

The toy soldier follow gets up and
looks around. He rolls his old
coat up. What do you think
he does then? He puffs the clothes
with his breath. Isn't that strange?

Your new clothes are wrinkled, old toad. I do not think that they fit you very well.

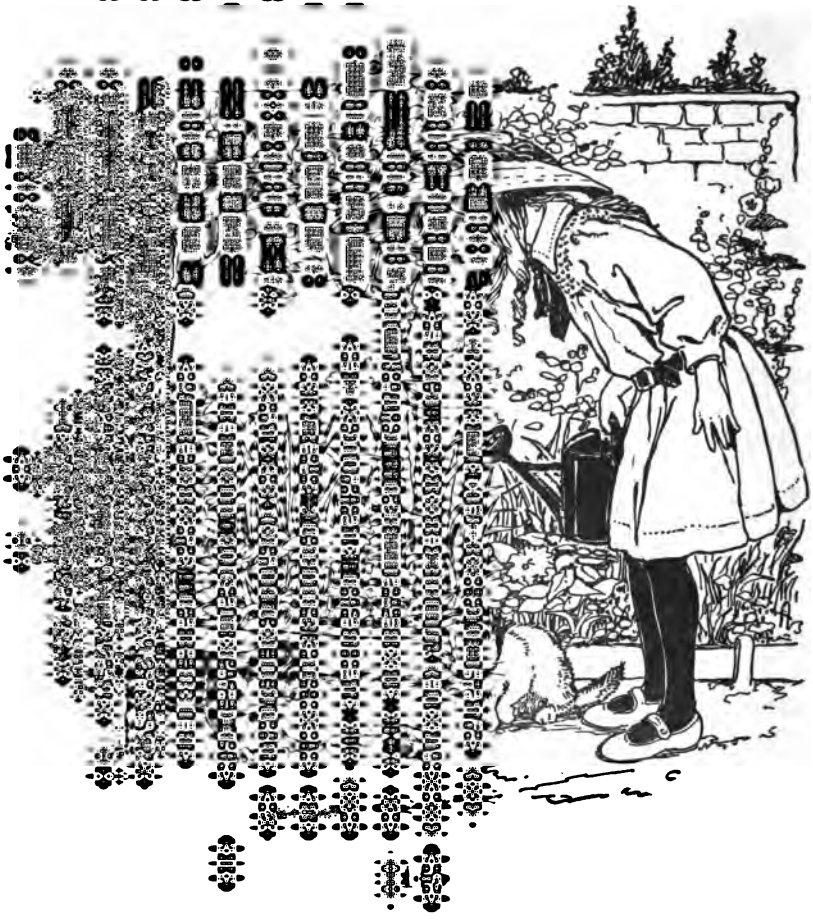
This toad is very hungry. He hopped, and hopped, until he came to a garden.

There was rich earth in the garden, and plenty of bugs.

In the house near the garden lived a little girl. One day about five o'clock the girl came down the stone steps of her house. She was going to water her plants in the garden.

Who was that hopping up the path-way? She walked very softly so as not to frighten her visitor. He had on his wrinkled coat. His big mouth and funny eyes made the girl laugh.

[illegible] had to see [illegible]. I think that [illegible] to poke the toad



Funny old hop-toad, you are not afraid of these big creatures, are you? You are not afraid of the girl, the kitty, or the puppy.

Hop into the garden, old toad, and catch the bugs. They will eat the roses. You would better have the bugs for your breakfast or supper.

If you hop toward the puppy, he may bark at you. If you hop toward the kitty, she may spit at you. If you hop toward the girl, she will go into the house.

Blink your eyes, old toad. You are not very pretty, though you may be useful. Run and catch your bugs. Oh! you cannot run. You can only hop.

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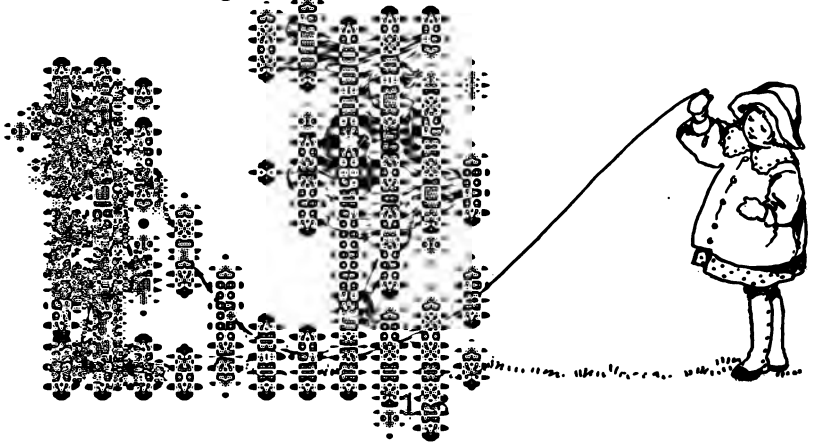
hits the ground,

must jump over

n it.

they must stop

o jumps longest



Every spring the boys play marbles.

One game is called "Bunny."

This is how the game is played.

A small cup-shaped hole is dug in the ground. The ground is made smooth around the hole.

Each boy takes the same number of marbles. Any number of boys can play. They stand back from the hole or "bunny," and try in turn to throw their marbles into it. The boy who gets the most in, wins all the marbles.

Sometimes a boy puts a glass marble, or "glassy," into the hole. The players stand off and try to hit the "glassy." The first boy who hits the "glassy" becomes its new owner.

Every spring the boys spin tops and play ball. I can not spin a top. My top always spins on its head!

My brother plays baseball. There are eight boys who play with him, and nine boys who play against him.

They play with a hard ball made of string, covered with horsehide. They have a hard round wooden bat, and a thick glove. The boy who catches the ball wears a mask.

All the boys dress alike. Their shoes have no heels.

The boy who throws the ball must throw it straight. The boy with the bat will hit it, and some boy will try to catch it.

ummer


Clara J. Reed.

## Ned's Caterpillar

Ned found a large caterpillar in the garden. It was crawling on a bush. He carried it into the house.

"Mother, I have brought you a visitor," he said.

"Let us put it into this glass jar. Run into the garden, Ned, and get a little dirt and some fresh leaves."

Ned did as his mother said. Mother put the leaves and dirt into the jar. Then she put the caterpillar in too.

The caterpillar seemed to like its new home. It grew fat eating so many green leaves.

One day it hung itself up on one of the leaves to sleep. After a while its skin with the black and yellow stripes fell off, but inside was a soft green blanket to keep it warm.

The caterpillar slept a long time. By and by it crawled out of its blanket. It did not look like a caterpillar.

Do you know what had happened? It was a beautiful butterfly.

Ned took it out of the jar gently and held it in his hand.

If the butterfly could have talked I think it would have said, "Thank you, Ned, for taking me out of the jar. It was a nice home, and I liked those green leaves.

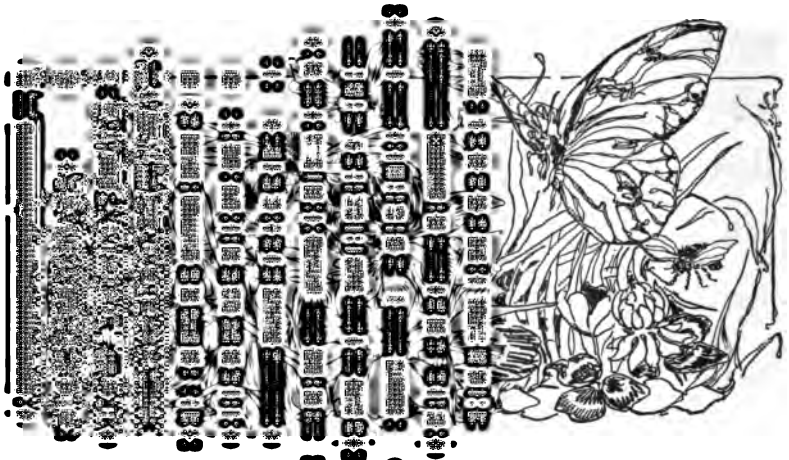
"I had often watched butterflies when I was in the garden. They sailed high in the air while I only crawled.

"Then I went to sleep and dreamed that I was a butterfly. It was such a beautiful dream that I did not wish to awake. But when I awoke, I found that my dream was true.

"See the lovely spots on my wings as I spread them out. I can not fly far yet, but I am happy in the sunshine.

"The bees and the birds sing to me. The flowers say, 'We love you, butterfly.' I whisper, 'I love you, dear flowers.'

"I wish you had wings, Ned. Flying is better fun than walking."



[illegible] and this is his [illegible] lover. She is [illegible] smaller. [illegible] the meadow. [illegible] tall. Daisies [illegible] friends.

[illegible] visitors every [illegible] butterflies love [illegible] ries of the great

world beyond the meadow. He gives them sweet nectar from his many blossoms.

The farmer likes to have clover in his meadow. It is good for his cows. It makes the milk sweet and rich.

Do you see Red Clover's pretty green leaf? How many parts can you count? In that leaf there are three parts. Did you ever find a leaf with four parts? Sometimes there are five parts to a clover leaf.

A four leaf clover means good luck. If you find a four leaf clover you must keep it. If you find a five leaf clover you must give it to some one. Then he will have good luck too.

There is a story about a four leaf clover. I will tell it to you.

A man said that if he could find a four leaf clover, he should be happy.

To find the four leaf clover he went here and there, but not one did he find.

At last he found himself growing old. He was far from his home. He said, "I am tired; I will go back home."

At last he came to the field near his house. He threw himself upon the ground. "I can go no farther," he said.

As he lay on the ground, what do you think he saw? A field of four leaf clover! He had been the whole world over to find it, and there it was at his very door.

## The Daisies

"Our friends are coming to see us," said a daisy one day. "Coming to see us, coming to see us," sang all the daisies. Then they nodded their little heads in the morning breeze.

Just then some children came into the field with baskets on their arms. "Dear little daisies," said the children, "do you wish to go a-visiting? Come, we will give you a ride in our baskets."

In tumbled the daisies, laughing at the fun. Then one daisy began to talk.

"Have you seen our tiny green stems?" she said. "Have you seen our

lovely white frills and our bright golden centers? We have some cousins who wear yellow frills and brown centers. They are called ox-eyed daisies.

"We always come in the spring. We stay until the autumn comes.

"Do you know how we got our name? As soon as the sun is up, we open our eyes. People say that we awake with the day. So we were called 'daisy,' or 'day's eye.'

"Before the stars are in the sky, we go to sleep. We fold our white frills over our golden centers, and we go to sleep just like you."

A man wrote a poem about daisies. The sky made him think of a meadow.

The stars, that dotted the sky, made him think of little white daisies.

While he was thinking of this pretty picture, the moon came out.

He thought that the moon looked like a lady with fair hair. "What is the lady doing up there in the sky-fields?" said he. "Is she picking the star daisies?"

In the morning, when he awoke, there was not a star left in the sky.

"Yes," thought the man, "the lady has picked them all. She has dropped them down into the meadows of the town."

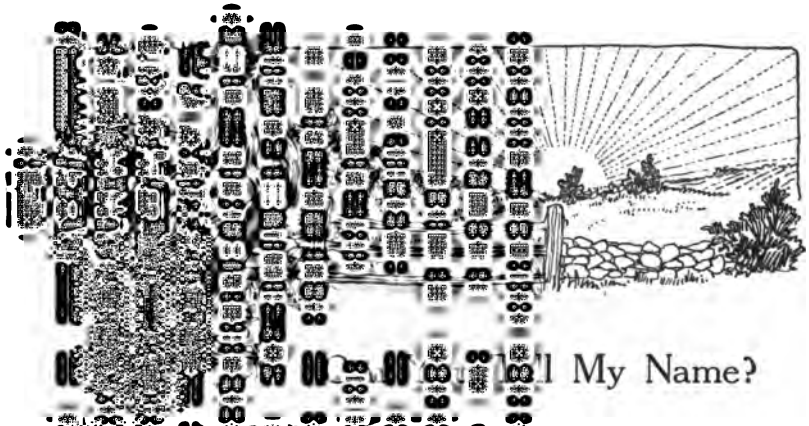


## The Little Dreamer

A little boy was dreaming
Upon his nurse's lap
That the pins fell out of all the stars,
And the stars fell into his cap.

So, when his dream was over,
What should this little boy do?
Why, he went and looked inside his cap,
And found it wasn't true.

ROBERT L. EVERETT



## [illegible] My Name?

[illegible] before you.
[illegible]rows lighter;
[illegible]; the rooster
[illegible]ects begin to
[illegible]le at me.
[illegible]men, and chil-
[illegible] go to work.
[illegible] on the grass.
[illegible] all away.
[illegible] would be dark
[illegible]at and light.

I often hide behind some cloud.

You can not catch me; you can feel me.

If I shine in your eyes you close them.

At night I go to visit children on the other side of the world. I never go to sleep. Somewhere I am always shining bright.

When night comes I paint the clouds pink, purple, and orange.

I seem to go down behind the hills.

When I go the bees fly to their hives, the birds fly to their nests, and the chickens go to roost. The flowers go to sleep.

The animals lie down in the field, and the sky grows dark.

After a while the stars and the moon come out. One by one the lamps are lighted, the dew begins to fall, little children go to bed.

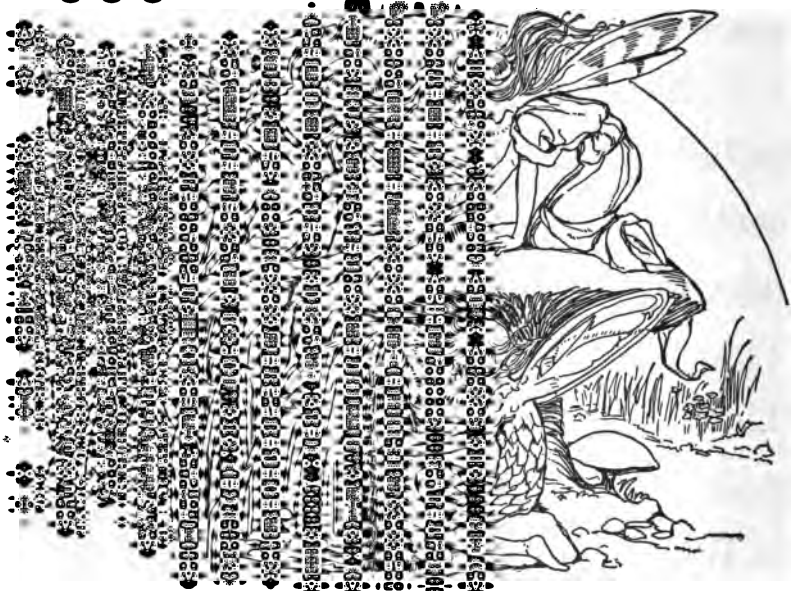
In summer I stay with you a long time. In winter I go in the afternoon.

At noon I am in the south. At night I am in the west. In the morning I am in the east.

I have many children. They are called "beams." I send them down to earth from my sky home. I send them to visit you. They travel very fast. They always travel in a straight line. They chase away the dark. They make children grow.

Who can tell my name?

airies had been
bright. "We
e," they said.
etter. "Come,"
ave been busy.
to see you, and
ut so many Sun



Fairies have made the earth warm. Come, hide behind the big gray cloud."

Then the Rain Fairies gave the thirsty flowers a drink. They covered the hot and dusty ground, and called the gentle breeze to refresh the tired people.

"Well done, my little Rain Fairies," said Father Sun.

"Put on your prettiest dresses, and work now with the Sun Fairies."

In gay colors the fairies came: red, yellow, orange, blue, green, and purple.

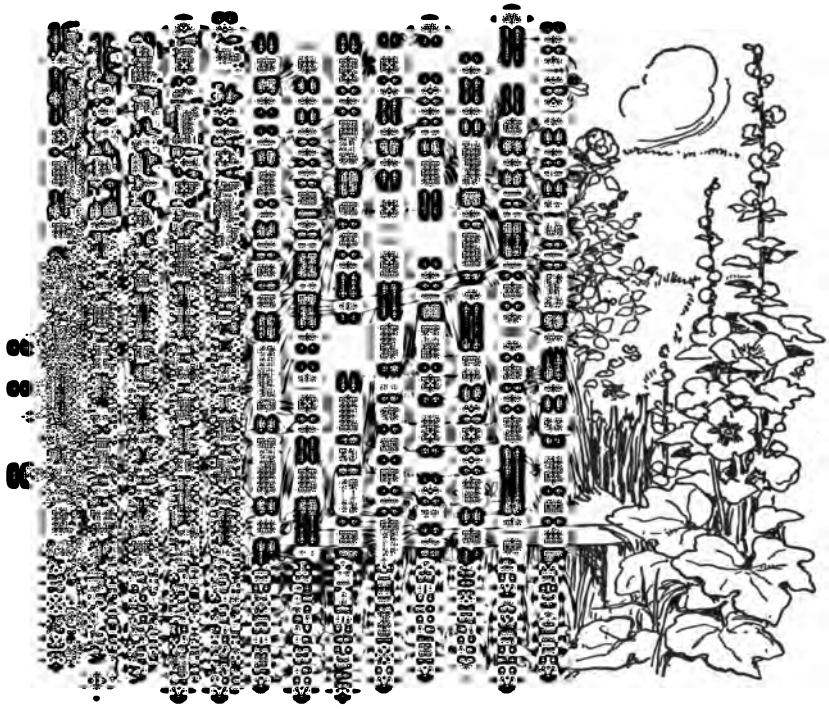
"We will work together, dear Father Sun," they said, and joining hands they made a beautiful arch from earth to heaven. We call this arch the rainbow.

## Little May

Have you heard the waters singing
Little May,
Where the willows green are bending
O'er their way?
Do you know how low and sweet,
O'er the pebbles at their feet,
Are the words the waves repeat,
Night and day?

Have you heard the robins singing,
Little one,
When the rosy dawn is breaking,—
When 'tis done?
Have you heard the wooing breeze,
In the blossomed orchard trees,
And the drowsy hum of bees
In the sun?

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER



[illegible] live in a little [illegible] Do you see [illegible] lying in and [illegible] ily.

[illegible] Do you know [illegible]

what we sing as we work? "Buzz, buzz, buzz," that is our song.

We visit Clover in the meadow, and Rose in the garden. Sometimes we meet our friends the butterflies.

Some day you may like to look into our hive. Do not come too near us, for we may sting you.

Did you ever see so many rooms in one house? Some are storerooms, but some are used for our baby bees. When the rooms are filled, we close them up with wax. We make the wax on cloudy or rainy days.

On our legs we have little baskets. In these we carry the yellow dust, or pollen, that we get from the flowers.

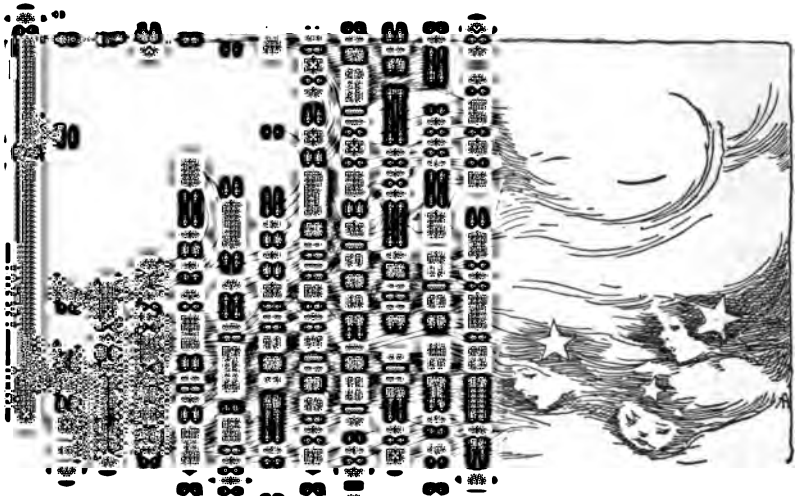
We mix the pollen with honey and feed it to our baby bees.

There are three kinds of bees in every hive, — the workers, the drones, and the queen bee.

Our queen is the mother bee. She lays all the eggs. She stays at home all the time, and we worker bees feed her. We take care of her. She has short wings. She could not fly far.

The drones do not work. They are large and lazy. We workers are small.

From our wax, people make candles, and dolls. You may find a piece of wax in mother's work basket. She rubs it on her thread to make it strong. Have you ever eaten our honey?



The Moon and the Stars

golden sun goes

kes. See how

beautiful cloud

is her round

e you away up

you sail along

you play hide-

at white clouds.

Are the stars your children, Lady Moon? What a big family you have! More little children than we can count. Do you ever rock the baby stars to sleep in your pretty cradle?

All night your little stars are busy. They peep in at our windows and watch us while we sleep. They shine upon the birds asleep in their nests. They twinkle through the trees. They show sailors how to steer their boats.

Long, long ago the stars used to sing together. The whole sky shone when they sang. One morning they heard a new song. It was the most beautiful song they had ever heard. Every star in the deep blue sky stopped singing.

In the deepest blue of the sky, they saw a new star. It was the new star that was singing the beautiful song.

And this is what it sang, "A loving child, a loving child is on the earth."

Then the beautiful star traveled across the sky, until it came to a little town. There it stood still.

The stars are still looking for a loving child. That is why they peep in at the window and ask, "Is this a loving child?"

Sometimes they find a loving child, with a gentle heart and kind ways.

Then they sing again, "A loving child, a loving child is on the earth."

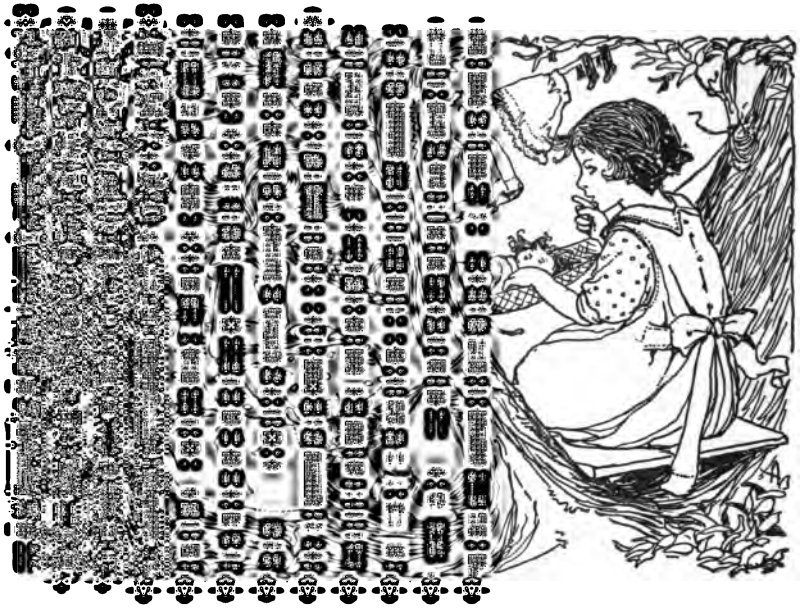
## Down the Lane

There was once an old willow tree. It grew in the lane behind our house. How we children loved it!

It had low spreading branches that seemed like mother's arms.

In the morning, after breakfast, we would run to our tree, and as soon as school was over, we would visit it.

On Saturday the tree was our play-house. The branches were the rooms. We had a parlor, dining room, kitchen and two bedrooms. We had green curtains at the windows. Do you know what the curtains really were?



n the morning.
nd hung their
ches. We had
We put our
ks and covered
ets. Then we
by," to them.
to sleep.

Sometimes my brother Jack came to play with us. Then we played church.

Jack was the minister. My father was a minister, so Jack tried to be like him. He would stand upon a high branch and preach. Then he would say, "Let us sing." Sometimes the birds sang too.

The dolls were very good. They could not sing, but they sat still in their mothers' laps.

Once my dolly fell asleep. That was when Jack preached too long. Mary's doll cried once. Poor doll! Was she too little to go to church? No, what do you think was the matter? She had lost one of her pink shoes.

## The Picnic

I am glad that this is vacation. Father has come home early to-day. We are all going on a picnic.

We are going in the big automobile. We are going ten miles to the country. It is my birthday. I have invited five of my friends to go on the picnic.

Jump in, boys and girls, we are ready to start. We are off to the woods. Kate, Mary, Alice, and I will sit in the back seat. Tom and John will sit in the chairs.

Mother and father will sit in front.

Father toots the horn. We are off.

We go fast, but we are not afraid.

The cool breeze blows our hair. Oh, dear, Mary has lost her hat. John will jump out and get it. It is covered with dust. Tie your hat on, Mary.

Mother has filled the big basket with good things to eat. It is on the back of our automobile. I am hungry every time I think of that basket!

Here we are in the woods. The road is not very good. Father will make the automobile go slowly now.

This is as far as we can go. "All out!" says father.

Here is a good place for our supper, under the pine trees. The pine needles make a soft carpet.

"Let us spread the tablecloth here."

Father unstraps the big basket. He pulls the tin pail from under the seat.

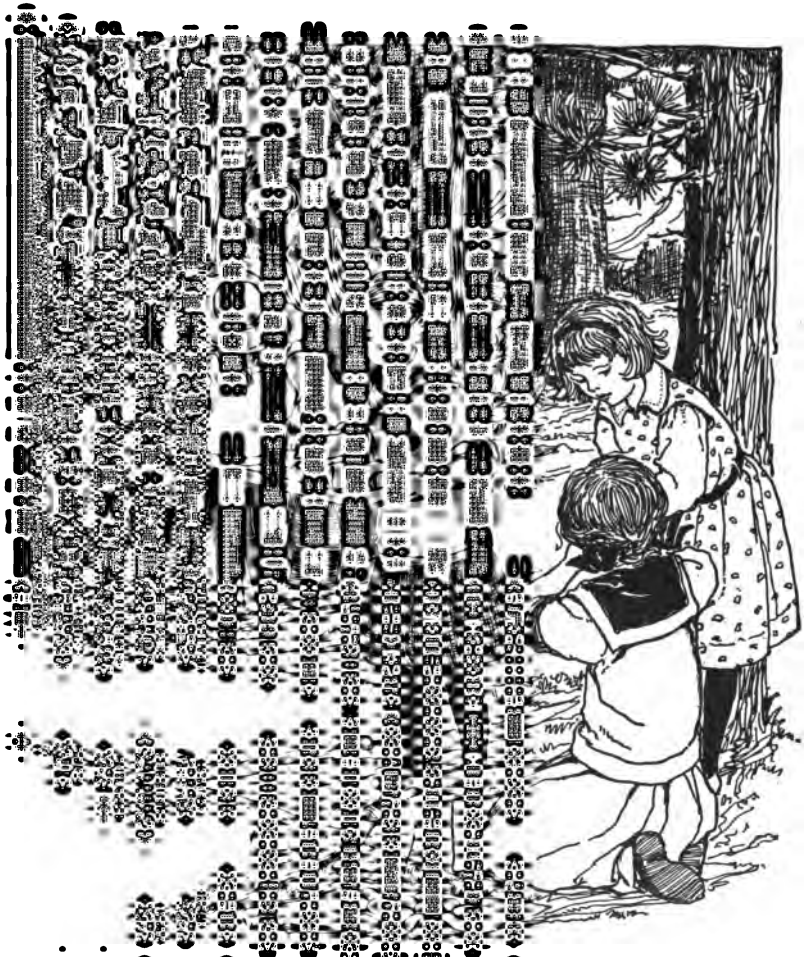
"Boys, run down to the brook for some fresh, cool water. We are going to make some lemonade," he says.

We put stones on the corners of the tablecloth so it will not blow.

Let us find some large leaves for plates. Yes, and let us pick a few flowers for our table.

What is in this box? Cut the string please, Kate. Oh, these are sandwiches.

Here are the hard boiled eggs! Here are the cookies! Here are the pickles! Here is some cake! Oh, isn't it fun to have a picnic in the woods!



her if we can

os up.

will say?

## Tom's Vacation

Tom went to the farm to see his
grandfather.

Every morning the rooster would crow
and crow. Then Tom would
know it was time to get up.
"Stop crowing, old rooster."
But when he dressed, he would
fill his cap with corn
and go out. How they ran!
Then Tom gave them



Next Tom would visit the old mother pig in her pen. He would rub her back with a stick. There were ten baby pigs with curly tails.

Sometimes Tom would go haying with the men. He would climb into the hayrack and stamp the hay as the men threw it up with their pitchforks.

When the hayrack was filled, Tom would have a ride home on the load.

Every night Tom went to see the cows milked. After a while he could milk old Molly himself. She would give him two pails of milk every night.

Tom liked to visit the dairy best of all. The dairy was in a stone house. Even the walls and floors were of stone.

Tom loved to watch his grandmother make butter. First she put rich milk into a churn. A churn is a tall barrel.

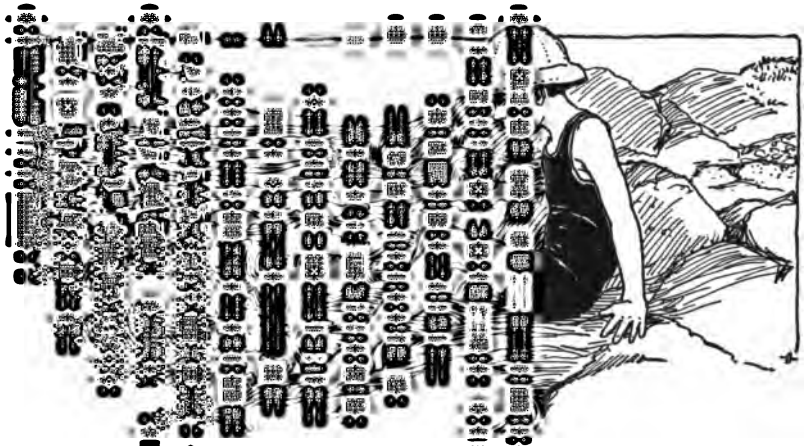
Inside the churn there is a long handle. Grandmother moved the long handle up and down. By and by the cream came to the top.

The cream keeps growing thicker, and at last it turns to butter. It is fresh and sweet. Some of it is salted.

Tom liked to see his grandmother make the butter into pretty little prints.

When the butter was ready for use, grandfather carried it to the railroad. It was sent to the big city.

People can buy the butter in prints, boxes, or tubs.



## Vacation

[illegible] to the seashore [illegible] saw the ocean [illegible] jumped for joy. [illegible] a fine time we [illegible]

[illegible] went to the [illegible] on the rocks [illegible] roll in. Often [illegible] Fred had to

Glenn T. Alford

go higher up on the rocks. "Do the waves ever stop to rest?" he thought.

On the beach there were pretty shells, and starfish and snails on the rocks. Big horseshoe crabs and jelly-fish moved about in the water, and the seaweed drifted in on the waves.

Sometimes Fred would go fishing.

One day he caught a fine bluefish. He carried it home to his mother. She said it was the best fish she had ever tasted.

Another day Fred visited a light-house. It was on a rocky island far out at sea.

There were no roads on the island, only rough paths made by the sheep.

The keeper and his children invited the visitors into their house.

The lighthouse was like a tower. When Fred reached the top, he could see far out on the ocean. He could see ten ships with their white sails.

At night the keeper lighted the lamp. The light could be seen far out at sea. It told the sailors to keep their boats off the rocks.

But the best fun was the clambake. The boys dug clams when the tide was out. They made a stone oven on the beach, and cooked the clams in the hot seaweed. They gathered driftwood and made a fine bonfire. It burned until the waves came up and put it out.

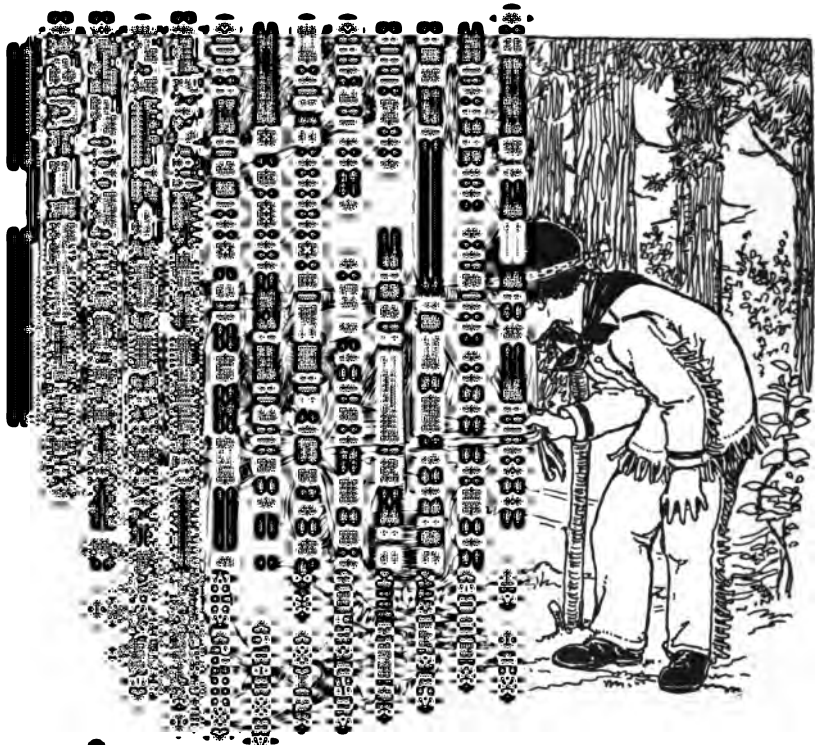
## Camping Out

Two boys had a camp last summer. They built the camp in some woods not far from the house. They chose a beautiful spot for the camp. It was on a hill among the pine trees.

First they chopped down some of the small trees. They made a board floor. Their father gave them a tent.

A high pole held the tent up. The boys tied the sides of the tent to pegs. Not a drop of rain could get in.

Inside, the boys had two cots. They played that they were Indians and that the tent was their wigwam.



, their mother
ep in the tent.
They carried
ead and butter,
for fear they
morning.

It was quite dark at first in the woods, but by and by the moon came up. It shone through the trees, and the boys were glad to see it.

Old Carlo was asleep on the floor.

It was very still out in the woods. The wind rustled the leaves on the trees. The boys could hear the river running over the stones. They were a long time going to sleep. Perhaps they wished that they were safe in their own beds at home.

Carlo began to bark early in the morning. When the boys awoke, he was crawling out the tent door.

What do you think Carlo was barking at? A gray squirrel was up in a tree.



Carlo barked and barked as if to say, "Don't you know that I am taking care of this camp?"

The boys ran down to the river for a swim. The water was cold, but they jumped in. As soon as they were dressed, they started for the house. They hoped that they were not late for breakfast.

When they reached the house, the back door was locked! They peeped in the kitchen window. What time do you think it was? It was just five o'clock!

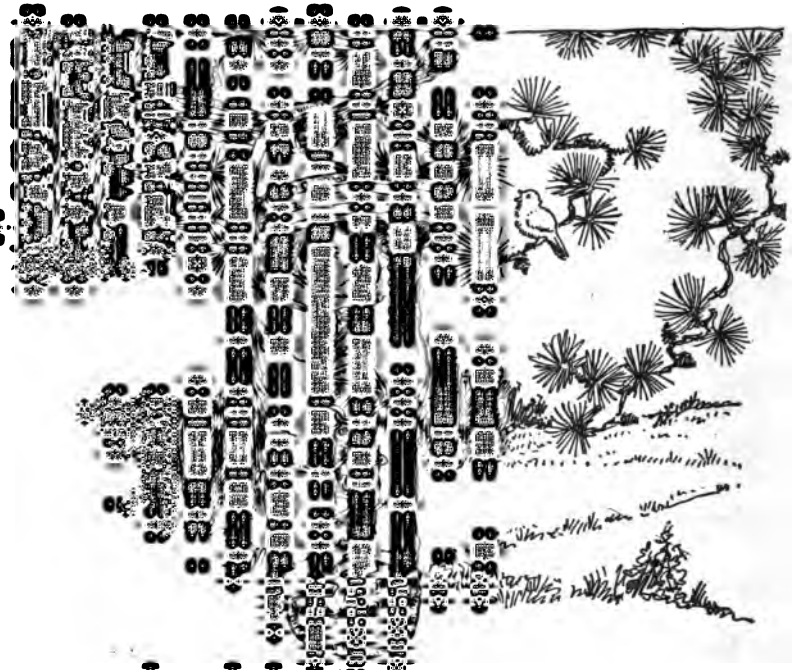
The boys climbed up the back porch, opened a window, and went to bed.

## Little Papoose

Little papoose in your cradle high,
Swung up on the dancing tree,
Looking up at the starry sky,
Tell me, what do you see?
Shining moon with his face so bright,
Watches with tender smile,
So close your eyes and sleep this night,
Sleep, little Indian child.

Dream then, my little papoose in the tree,
Softly your cradle swings.
Father is hunting a rabbit for thee,
While mother is here and sings.
Brother's making a little canoe
Out in the woods so wild,
Every one's thinking, dear baby, of you,
Sleep, little Indian child.

NINA B. HARTFORD



Summer

[illegible] the summer
[illegible] made a cradle
[illegible] gives its bark
[illegible] Her father hangs
[illegible] of the tree.
[illegible] breeze will rock

the baby's cradle. The birds will sing him to dreamland.

The pine needles rustle all through the night. The owl hoots in the trees.

The baby's father sleeps on the ground. He dreams of many things. He hopes that his baby will grow to be a great chief some day. He longs to teach him to ride, and to use the bow and arrow.

The baby's mother sleeps on the ground, too. She loves her little papoose. She would like to have him stay a little papoose for a long time.

The wood is dark, but they are not afraid. The moon and the stars shine through the trees upon the little child.

many friends

to the birds

watches the

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sun with his

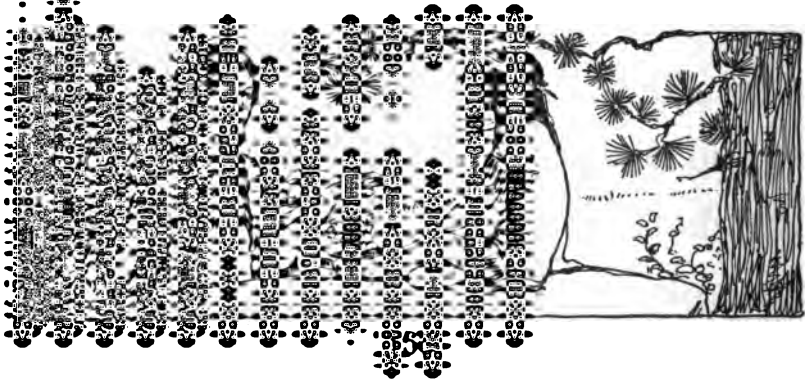
e older, his

es. She will

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To-day the baby watches his father make a canoe. He cuts the bark from the birch tree, and he does not break it.

He takes branches and makes a framework. He stretches the bark over the framework. Then he sews it.

He gets some pitch from the pine trees and fills up the cracks. Now the water can not get into the canoe.

He is proud when his canoe is finished. It rests like a lily upon the water. He will paddle up and down the river. He will shoot like an arrow down the stream.

Will the little papoose and his mother go in the canoe some day? I think so. These are happy days for the papoose.

